





71
Romancio-Mastrix :

O R,
A Romance on Romances.

In which the prodigious Vanities of a
great part of them are (as in a Mirror)
most lively represented, and so natu-
rally personated, that the ingenious
Reader, observing their deformi-
ties, may delightfully be instru-
cted and invited to the pur-
suing of more honourable
and profitable Studies.

By Samuel Holland, Gent.

H O R A T.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

No man more worthy, of true praise doth write
Then he who minglcth profit with delight.

Printed for the Author, in the year
of our LORD, 1660.

Revue des Mœurs :

O R.

A. R. O. M. A. N. C. E. S. O. N. R. O. M. A. N. C. E. S.

Lequel est le seul ouvrage de ce genre
qui ait paru en France (et en Europe)
et qui soit le plus complet et le plus
intéressant. Il est le fruit d'une
longue et patiente recherche, et
il est le résultat d'une saine
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critique.

By Samuel Johnson, Esq.

TO THE
GENTLEMEN OF THE
GUILD OF THE
CITY OF LONDON.

Printed by the Author, in the Year
1795.

Don Zara del Fogo :

^A
Mock-Romance.

CHAP. I.

*Don Zara his descent. The description
of his Shield, and Martiall Furniture.
His invocation, and setting forth to seek
Adventures.*

It was now about that mungrell hour when the black-brow'd night, and greyey'd morning strove for superiority, when the mirror of Martiall spirits Don Zara del Fogo sweeping the somniferous God from off his ample front with that Broom of Heaven his face-pounding fist, entered into serious contemplation of
B the

DON ZARA Book. 1.

the renowned Acts of his most Noble
Ancestors, *Thistram* the terrible and
the great *Lancelot of the Lake*, so ravi-
shing were those heroick Rhapsodies,
that (upon nature chew of the cud)
the Champion began to tax himself of
tardity, as not having accumulated
that Fame, which at the price of so
* eminent dangers he had so hotly
hunted after; this second cogitation
had but a while combated with the
first, when he summons the Squire of
his body *Soto*, who lay soundly sleep-
ing at his beds feet, commanding him
(since himself never knew Letters) to
read the Chronicle History of Saint
George, who bathed his body in the
bloody bowels of a fell Dragon, or
the like Atchievement of *Sir Elamore*,
or the hard Quest of *Sir Topaz* after the
Queen of *Elaes* to *Barwick*, or of *Sir*
Guy and the fierce Boar of *Boston*; *Sir*
quoeth Soto (who had hardly gained
fight enough to see his Master) you
were wont to take great pleasure in
hearing the redoubted Adventures of
Sir Bevis, firnamed *Southampton*, and
The Knight of the Sun; that, that quoth
the Champion, the Knight of the Sun
action

* See the le-
gend of Don
Sordido
Knight of
the Dripping
pan, written
by the Au-
thor of *Cas-
andra*.

actions would put fire into a flint stone, animate a Log, and make a wooden leg to walk; *Soto* had not long led his Master by the large eares (* for our Champion boasted a long-
linckt Genealogie, from the Phrygian King *Midus*, a hundred fourscore and fourteehn descents by the fathers side) but suddenly deserting his bed, he
ceased (* all naked as he was) on his naked Sword, that Thunder-crack of terroure *Slay-a-Cow*, the very same that he lately won on *Monta-Mole-bil* from the great Gyant *Phrenedecrenobroso*, the son of *Pediculo*, and leaning thereon like the legitimate Heyr of *Mars*, he very attentively hoorded up the treasures of true Magnanimity. At every close where the Knight either wounded the Gyant, or rescued the Lady, in token of the ardency he bare to such illustrious Acts, he gave liberty to his nayles to bring blood from either buttock, for such was the ranckness of his courage, that not onely his soul, but his skin had a perpetuall itching after honourable Attempts, augmented by a herd of small Cattel, which some Authors will have to be

* Don Zara descended of the stock of Kings, see Cambr. Avisoe.

* For it was the custom of the Knights of that age to wear no shirts.

* This is
spoken with
all reverence
to Antiqui-
ty, which
we ought
lightly to
question.

*Th's needs
no clavis.

* Whether
by Vandike
or Hilliard,
is not cer-
tainly
known.

* I wo ex-
cellent for-
gers,

the Genuiffes of deceased Worthies,
all waiting upon this man of men,
which I confess * I cannot credit since
it was *Soto's* custome (in order to his
Masters special command) every morn-
ing to kill some of them; but the
cheerfull Lady of the Light, old *Ty-
tbons* tender-skin'd Madam, appearing
our Champion, commanded his trusty
Squire to buckle on his Armour; too
long (quoth he) have we * Padlockt
Fames Tongue, not administering any
tittle tattle to that tell-tale Goddess;
Soto amaz'd at his Masters mood, soon
girds that Sword about him which
had often made head-strong Gyants
to reel, the flinty-edged *Slay-a-Cow*,
putting a Buckler fashioned like a
Spanish Ruffe (tull half yard deep)
about his neck, in which with won-
drous Art was pourtrayed the thice-
famous story of that renowned Com-
bat betwixt those two Arcadian He-
ro's, *Clinias* and *Dametas*, as I have
seen those pair of Champions * drawn
to the life in Canvas against the walls
of a mean Mansion made for good-
fellowship; those Bucklers that * *Ho-
mer* and *Virgil* have fashioned for *A-
chilles*

Chap. I *DEL FOGO.*

5

chilles and *Aeneas*, were but the varnishes of some Indian hand compared with this rare piece of Sculpture, about the Reverse whereof was this Distich (which some attribute to *Linus*, others to *Hesiod*) ingraven,

*This Shield by Vulcan
was in Lemnos forged,
That it might serve
Don Zara for a Gorget.*

His Mace * bearing the figure of a Cambrian Fig *Soto* hanged at his Saddle bow, for he had abjured the use of a Spear since that fatal Turnament in *Utopia*, when a splinter of his Lance forced it self against the face of the truly Sanctimonious Matron *Bawd-wore-a*; then seating himself on the back of good Steed *Founder-foot* (a horse not to be bettered in *Phœbus* Stable for the flounce or the frisk, and all the fashions of a prouncing *Palfray*) he appointed *Soto* to Lacquey by his side, committing himself to the guidance of Fortune: *Soto* was armed (not so much for his own preservation as his Lords defence) with an

* Enigmatically, intimating, that he cared not a fig for the stoutest antagonist.

* The kind
of weapon
the old Ro-
mans term-
ed a pile;
the Arabi-
ans that bor-
der upon I-
taly a Jave-
lin; the
Brittains a
half-pike.
See Scaliger
de usu clubi-
bus, l. 6. p.
10000.

* Some may
perhaps ga-
ther from
hence that
our Cham-
pion was a
papist, or at
least papi-
stically in-
clined, but
they ought
to know
that their
opinion is
no way war-
ranted by
Antiquity.

* Ashen plant, made tough by Time,
and pointed with steel, his brain was
bound about with a Monmouth Tur-
band, and his back and breast bul-
wark with impenetrable Past-board,
so that he who had seen our Champi-
on and his Attendant, could not but
have fancied the mighty *Primalion*
and his Page, or the famous *Bragado-
chio* and his man *Trompart*; nor could
the piety of our Champion permit
him to castigate his Courser for the
mending of his pace, till he had offer-
red up this solemn Orayson to the
souls of those deceased Worthies,
whose complicated lustre creates that
splendent path, called *The Milkie way*.

O Mervin, Mervin, (quoth he) thou
mighty Son of the munificent Oger, who
at one stroke didst pare away three heads
from off the shoulders of an Oke begotten
by an Incubus! Thou George the great
Champion of Christendom (the true Apol-
lo) who for the sake of the Sultans daugh-
ter, destroyedst a Python (x acres in
length; Thou Amadis de Gaule, who
encountredst with a Dragon and a Devil
at once; Thou Palmerin de Oliva, who
(by

Chap. I DEL FOGO.

73

(by vertue of a Wart on thy nose) didst so many times passe the Aegean Seas in a Shallop contrived all of Coney-skins; and thou Errant Knight of the Ruby Rose; Look down ye immortal Essences of never-dying Fulgor, let your spirits be *centred and centupled in me whose *heart is of a size sufficient to retain all your Excellencies, and in whose ample brest there lodges as sublime a Soul as ever yet Nature coffin'd up in a Carkas composed of a metal more robust then that of Roderigo, or Rud-Hudrinbrass.

* Centred and centupled, meaning hid and hundredfold.
* By this it appears that his heart was hollow.

This Ejaculation was no sooner extinct, but Soto (enamoured on his Lords perfections, as if he had been inspired by one of Agrippa's holy Demons) began to shake his skull very strangely, rowling his eyes like Abraham in Sands his Show, in so much that our Champion (could it have been possible for that thing call'd Fear to build in his brest) had fled from the face of his faithfull Servitor; but to put a period to his anxiety, Soto thrust forth these numbers, in a tone almost equall to * Stentors, the presages of

* Stentor was a Grecian Crier of the court to K. Agamemnon.
Homer Ill.

B 4

his

his Masters incomparable, incomprehensible performances.

L Ace on thy Helmit,
mighty man of valour,
Fortune shall never squeeze thee
with her squallour :
Fierce Knights and cruell Beasts,
with many a Gyant,
Thy charmed steel shall make
both smooth and plyant ;
The fickle Goddesse
on thy horses Crupra,
(As her best boast)
has fixed her Nil-supra,
For things beyond belief
thou shalt atchieve-a,
Which shall make after times
to grutch and grieve-a,
When they shall finde thou hast
as brave a Plea-as
The great Achilles,
and the stout Æneas :
O therefore of thy Fame
be no neglecter,
Thou that art born
to rivall glorious Hector :
Were there a Troy besieg'd,
and thou within it,

Not Greece, nor Gallo-Belgica
could win it;

Troilus should live,
so Rhæsus and Sarpedon,
Achilles dye on's wounds,
and Ajax bleed on:

All that's Magnanimous,
or big, or rare-a,
Being lockt up in the brest
of our Don Zara.

Heightned with this poeticall Pro-
phesie (the *Brittish* * Proverb being
verified by this brace of brave ones)
our Champion already fancied him-
self fighting with *Gogmagog*, or *Gar-
gantua* for the moiety of the Universe;
but so unfortunate was he this very
first day of his most memorable re-
solve, that desired Adventurs offered
it self, neither fierce *Lyon*, nor furious
Bear, yelling *Dragon*, foaming *Boar*,
or angry *Antelope*, no perjured Knight
to fight withall, or injur'd Lady to
infranchise, no Magicall Wharfe, so
that the Champion did not causlessly
curse so calm a Climate, that afforded
no viands for Valour to feed on;
Thus chewing the cud of courage, he
rode

* Trim tram,
&c.

* This was
something too
mean a recep-
tacle for so
accomplished
an Heroe.

* Called in
old time a
red Lettice,
the signal of
something
that tends to
good-fellow-
ship. See
Causabon de
structuribus
& liquoribus,
lib. 90.

* That very
Lucius An-
neus Seneca,
who wrot of
temperance
and Forti-
tude, yet livd
like an effe-
minate Epi-
cure, and
dyed like a
pusillanimous
Coward.

rode on in much vexation, till the
approaching night warned him to
take shelter, which Fortune favou-
rably allotted him, for at the foot of
a huge mountain, whose head knocke
against the Clouds, a * Cottage with
a * chequered Portall, Piriwig'd with
thatch, and lined with mud, offered
it self for his entertainment, its course
out-side was no less then a corasive to
our Champions conscience, but he
had heard of * Seneca's Avisoe, that,
*The wisest and strongest men ought to stoop
to Time and Fate*; and therefore ma-
king a halt at the door of this sedge
structure, he alighted from his good
Steed, and demanded hospitable treat
of the Captain of that carowsing Cit-
adel, who (in much astonishment)
gave a trembling reception to himself
and Soto.

CHAP.



CHAP. II.

Zara and Soto their entertainment in the Cottage, their Host (looking upon the Champions fist) tells him his Fortune, and recites a Copy of verses, with other remarkable passages.

Our Champions carcass was not more harrassed with tedious travail, then his colon crammed with an accustomed vacuity, for he having been managed to this maturity with Mares Milk, though he boasted not the strength, yet he retained the stomach of a horse; the first thing therefore debated on by our Don, was (as an Inquisitor) what food the Farmery afforded? the Host after many cringes began to excuse his unpreparedness; his bed-Cockatrice seconding him with an old-brew'd Apologie, but quoth mine Host (who in all respects resembled that * Robert of the Vale,

who

* This Roberts surname was Booker, a maker of Almanacks, he had two handsome daughters & kept a Wine Ale-house. See the English Chron.

who foretold the landing of *Henry* the 7th.) if your worshipfull Excellency shall deign to accept of such prowaunt as at the present your servant can purvey, your worshipfull Excellency will eternally oblige me: Pray thee (quoth *Zara*) leave thy prate, and provide such iustenance as my merit commands, and thy estate permits; for by the soul of *Cæsar*, I am as hungry as an Ostrich, and could digest a bar of Iron bigger then an ordinary Main-Mast: The Astrologers (I am afraid) keep such * Houses as thine when they lye on sides of *Taurus*, and joynts of *Aries*: My guts quoth *Soto*, are contorted like a Dragons-tayle, in Elf-knots, as if some Tripe-wife had tackt them together for Chitterlings: The Host wondred at these eagre expressions, and concluded that the Champion had bin lately upon some Adventure fasting; while meat was making ready, the merry Host exhorts his Guests to a free Carowse, beginning a Health to *Charlemaine*, which *Don Zara* not refused, and commanding *Soto* to the same celebration; remember (quoth he) the great

* Being
twelve in
all See
Merlinus
Anglicus de
starribus &
ejus mani-
onibus; tract.
160. p. 10000

great Duke of Drowndland, whose Champion I am, and his sole Heire the most Illustrious and divinely fair, *Morphena del Stupratia*. Soto was ever an obedient servant to his Master, especially if the injunction had any dependence on the pot or the spit, and therefore he failed not in the premises, so that *Bacchus* has almost baulkt *Ceres*, and our Champion is now more drink then dyet: But by this time * Supper is served up, but neither Hostess nor Host can be perswaded to sit down, but they waited on the Champion and his o'r-grown Page as incompatibly, as if *Homer* had made *Nestor* and *Hecuba* to dance attendance after *Diomed* and *Teucer*; they fast to admire *Zara*, and pray that themselves may escape the stroak of his * steel, the Champion making it appear by the terribleness of his teeth, that he dares tear the strongest opposite in pieces: Nor was *Soto's* courage much inferiour to his Masters, who eats and talks, making his stories the parenthesis of his meals, what Fiction reports of mad *Ajax*, that having kill'd a Sheep, fancied he had slain

* It were needless to mention the covering of the Table, or ranking and filing of the dishes.

* Or Knife.

Uain Agamemnon, is here prov'd true, for every gaping Orifice, that our Champion created, most lamentably butchered his Host, what wide wounds he gives Routing all before him; so that he must trust to tradition, that should say such and such once were: But at last his fury began to be asswaged, being grown weary of the work of death, he sheathed his Fauchion, and commanded a bowl of the same cratonian liquor to be brought, which after a trebble pledge, abolishes all nicity * and makes the Heroe and his Host look like one another, the four which make the Family now tippie promiscuously; * His Excellency enforces the parity, who (big with fancy) narrates his severall Encounters, Onslaughts, and Batteries, his infranchising of intralld Ladies, his finishing Inchantments, his inquests at home, and Conquests in forreigne Countries, his binding of Gyants in brazen Gyves, and driving out the souls of Dragons and Dæmons; His Host and Hostess listning as attentively as if the Lecture of the *Seven Champions* were now reading: But, quoth my

Such is the potent vigor of Ale.

* Not that he was a Le-veller, but being of the same humor of some kings, who play at Nine-pins with their Pages, yet thereby neither subject their persons nor their powers.

my Host, if your Highness please I can inform you of your future Fate by an infallible Rule which I once learned of an old Gypsie in Monmouthshire, who pen'd it in Monosyllables, please to afford your victorious palm; these last words were more terrible to our Champion then the points of a thousand Swords, imagining that his Host would hint that old Maxime in Palmistry, viz. the farcing of the fist with a piece of silver; but this terrour was soon taken away by his Hostess ready reception of his hand, who (having gently wiped away that filth, which lay at the foot of his *vions veneris* with his spittle, began for to foretell many future events, and amongst the rest predicted, that such a year of his life the Champion should be * beholding to his book for his persons safety: This Clause made Don Zaya (who knew that his neck could not be protected by his tongue) to laugh heartily, which his Host perceiving (though angry that his Art should not finde a more serious welcome) he said, I find that your worshipfull Highness had rather be busied about some more merry

* Not that he should be condemned to be hangd.

* Meaning
that the An-
gels only are
acquainted
with the
depth of that
Art.

* To which
he was not
invited.

merry imployment; I confess Palmi-
stry is so profound a Science, that few
or * none upon earth understand it:
Behold Sir a Copy of Verses that our
Vicar lately composed (on St. Valen-
tins day) occasioned by a great * Feast
made by Maier of Quinborough, a City
not above half a league distant from
hence; then pulling out a bag of the
best Buckram, the Champion having
commanded silence, mine Host began
to read the following numbers.

a The old
Maier.

b The new
Maier.

c The Al-
dermen.

d An old
wife.

e You may
smell out
the mean-
ing.

SATURN grown old, the Gods agree,
b Jove should assume his Sovereignty,
And become chief; a solemn day
Appointed, when the Gods most gay,
(Attair'd in habits rare and strange)
Came to be witness of this change;
The Fry of Gods were there beside,
Each with his Bastard, whore, and Bride,
The path which to Joves Palace leads
In order, all this rich troop treads,
d Ceres threw wheat on Jove most dainty
Thereby foretelling future plenty:
Th' Instructed Swine did follow after,
And for their Wheat left something softer,
e Civet, like Irish Soap, good beasts,
Fit waiters at such solemn Feasts:

Chap. 2. DEL FOGO.

17

At length they reach Joves Hall of bliss,
The Gods sit down, the Goddesses
Were striving for the Superiority,
Till Juno challenging the Majority,
Ended the business (most demurely)
Plac'd and displac'd as pleas'd bet surely;
The Tables stood full crown'd with Dishes,
Enough to satisfie all wishes,
Of longing Wives, or Maids grown sickly
With fruits, and doing nothing quickly;
Huge Pots of Butter not full blew,
With Custards of a doubtfull biew;
Stew'd Prunes, bread made of Malahane,
And Honey fetcht from Sugar Cane,
Green Apples, plenty of small Nuts,
T'employ the teeth, and gorge the guts;
The Goblets proud themselves to see,
So full of Sider (verily)
Both Brandy-wine and Aqua-vitæ,
And Ale in years & strength most mighty,
As plentiful as Bonnetclabbar,
That each Guest his lips might stabbar;
Thus with Satiety being crown'd
With Bacchus wreaths in slumber drown'd
The k spheres made Musick all the while,
The l Bard brave Meeter did compile;
When fulgent in Phoebus standing up,
(In's greasie fist, a greasier Cup)

f The Aldermens wives.

g Mistres Maiorella,

h See out a you and

i See out a you and
k Bread made of h
l Crooked Set the Irish Dictionary,

m See out a you and
n See out a you and

o A good man Irish drink. See the Dictionary.

p Two Fiddlers and a blind boy with a Bag pipe.

q Their Poet m One of the Aldermen,

C

Drank

MAJOR 2
and with
review
of the
of the

The Ma-
lor Boy.

o They were
almost all
drunk
p The Sun
went down.

q Mr. Major
call'd to his
wife for
Candles.
r She was
drunk and
would none

s she took
Mr. Major
a box on
the ear.

t They first
bound Jove,
the other Gods
(Constrain'd by darkness, drink and odd

Drank Daphnes health, Bacchus reply
And quafft another to the Bride
Of Vulcan: this health pass'd along,
Mars's Father wagging amongst the throng
Drank Pallas belib (brave mench & wist)
Which draught cost n Cupid both his eye
Straining to pledg, Hermes stood still,
And markt how Ganymede did fill
The Bowls, which swiftly past around,
Till God and Goddeses had bound
o Their heads with Ivy-leaves and Vine
His head to his knee, now each inclines;
p Apollo then slept thence half drunk,
His burning Bonnet doft he sunk
In Thetis lap, so Heaven lost light,
And day was damp't with irksome night;
q Jove bent for mirth, bad Juno spread
Her mantle o're the Worlds black head,
But r she inrag'd with Lyeus Juice,
And madly jealous without excuse,
Refus'd to guild th' unspangled Skie,
With the eyes of her Cow-keeping Spies,
s And aided by a vigorous Fate
And the shrewd Goddesses, Joves state
She durst assume, pressing as farre
As th' Gyants in their mountain Warre,
They first bound Jove, the other Gods
(Constrain'd by darkness, drink and odd
Alas

Alas) were forc'd to condescend
 To all things for a quiet end:
 t Jove granted Juno rule o' b' Ayre,
 Her frowns or smiles mak' t soul or faire;
 His Bolts and Lightning she may take,
 And with her tongue the Ax-tree shake;
 From hence her Sex their Charter hold,
 To rule 'gainst reason, cry and scold:
 Proserpina obtain'd of Pluto,
 That all should speed who she-saints sue to;
 That mans affairs in purse or state,
 Should be ruled by the womans rate;
 Venus may lye with all that love her,
 No sassy God must dare reprove her,
 Dallying with maners, whilst Don Vulcan
 Should to their pleasures drink a full Can;
 Thus by the stern decrea of Fate,
 Our Ile's an Amazonian State.

c. Mistress
 Matorella
 might do
 what she
 would.

This Drollericall Poem mightily
 augmented our Champions mirth,
 who (as the fashion is for most great
 ones) was ever delighted with what
 his capacity most condemn'd, as soa-
 ring too high for the frail sight of
 Amphibion-like Genius, * but such
 great spirits as that of Champions
 move not by Pedantick Statutes, for
 their actions, though excentrick, il-

* Sentence

illustrates the cause, and *Priscians* pate receives honourable wounds, when they please to pummel his skull, but *Morba* the Champions Hostess is almost in as bad a condition as if she had swallowed purging Confects, casting up a very fair account ere the Champion * could call for his reckoning, so that six hands were not sufficient to convey her to her Couch: The night now was more then half spent, Baron Tell-clock had twice sounded *Boot-essel* to our Worthy; and the busie Bell-man bounced twice at the door, and as well the Champion as *Soto* began to grow dormious, which occasioned the Host to petition their present departure to bed, which (with heavie heads heaven knows) they went to; yet maugre his pestiferous Ebricity, magnanimous *Zara* forgot not to have his Mace, and other Military Utensils conveyed into his Chamber (a Receptacle just five foot Diameter) where that night himself and *Soto* must make their abode on a Canvass Quilt stuffed with the richest Rye-straw, their Sheets of a dusky kind of Flannel.

* Which he
always om-
mitted, ter-
ming it the
Tarnish of
his honour.

CHAP. III.

What hapned to Don Zara in the night. His Host brings in his Bill of Fare. The manner of the Champions departure, with other accidents.

WHole Warrens of starv'd Fleas, that bit like Ban-dogs (which you will say was strange, considering their somniferous Ale-bury) the Champion and his fidelious Land-loper Soto, that they thought themselves delivered over to the disposall of Demogorgous diminutive Dazmons, insomuch that the Champion grew unspeakably intraged, especially since he was out-raged by an enemy whose existence pleaded a protection from the violence of either Sword or Mace, which causeth him thus to complain:

* O ye powers celestia!l (quoth he) that powre down plagues at your pleasures on pervicacious mankind;

* Who conf-
in'd up his
Confess in
gruff,

what crime greater then that of * *Ar-
reus* have I committed, that my body
is thus baited by the basest of worms
Rather ye mighty Powers, who have
indew'd me with Achillean Valour,
and Herculean strength; let my blood
be drill'd by the mightiest and most
Noble Champion in the world; or-
der me the overthrow of *Ottaman*, to
pull down the pride of *Persia*, or to
ruine the *Russian* Tyrant.

With these and the like complaints
our distressed Champion spent the
most part of the dolesom night, but
finding it all in vain to bewail a help-
less ill, he resolv'd to bear his biting
Fate with as much magnanimity as
was possible, and so defying the ea-
gerness of those sanguine-coated *Aes-
trums*, he waited with incredible pa-
tience the approach of the Suns Po-
sillion, but was beguiled of that
honour he hoped, for a sud-
dain drowiness stuprated his senses,
and he slept as soundly as *Adam* when
his side was opened to find out that
Rib of Ruine; so that the Sun had tra-
yail'd almost a thousand miles ere he
opened

* Meaning
the Civick
Crown
which the
Ancients ap-
pointed for
him who
bore his bad
fortune
bravely,

opened the windows of his eyes, by which time *Soto* (the very Emblem of an earnest zeal, and the meer mythology of masculine love) was carrying off his Masters Courser, and polishing his Armour with pretious Vulcanian dust; the Champion awaking, soon impoverished his bed to enrich his body, seating himself in his last nights tripling Tenement; nor must Fame forget to relate this (as an especiall and infalible argument of our Champions incomparable candour) that though his skarifi'd skin would hardly permit his shlrt its wonted familiarity, * yet he took not the least notice of his last nights cruel sufferance, but with a chearfull voyce accosting his Host and Hostess, he bestowed on them a Complement consonant to the time of the day, commanding a Toast (in folio) to be forthwith made, the steeple Bowle to be repleated with Roping Ale, and (if possible) the powder of Nutmeg to be put therein; all which being perform'd with wondrous celerity, the Champion drank his noones draught, and appointed *Soto* the same Doce, who by this time

Chap. 9 **DEL FOGO.**

* Zenas 1000
paralleled
Magnanimitie

had finish his morning employment
and waited at his Masters elbow, who
(whether by the malignant influence
of some petulant Planet, or else vexed
at the villany of his last nights bed-
fellows) was exceeding sad and Sa-
turnine, often starting, and somtimes
with an irefull Aspects, laying his
hand upon his Sword, to the amaze-
ment of his Host and Hostess; but
Soto (who was intimately acquainted
with these (seeming) strangers, and
could learnedly Comment on the
complexion of his Masters soule at
such times as these) knew very well
that these passions proceeded from no
other cause, but that innate Antipa-
thy between his Masters puffle, and
the proditory of a Reckning, which
his * Host (the legitimate child of
Mammon, and Madam Avaritia) had
just now wounded his eyes with, the
Champion (as not knowing its im-
portment) accepted it, and (as his
manner was upon all like occasions)
gave it Soto, commanding him to read
it; Soto receives it as a needy Gallant
would his Taylors Bill, his counte-
nance as pale as a Countrey Gentle-
womans

Don ZARA
very Victus
all.

* A very
very Victus
all.

wothans, viewing the Lions at first
time; it was written in very legible
Characters, and ushered with this
termagant Title.

A Bill of Fare,

Imprimis, Six Black Puddings, each
of them a full yard in longitude.

Item, Five Loaves of the best Barley-
bread.

Item, An Oxe head baked after the
Franconian fashion.

Item, Seven pound of the best Essexian
Cheese, sawed in sunder on purpose for the
Champions eating.

Item, A Gallon of Mares Milk thicke-
ned with Meal.

Item, Nine Stanes of Lanted Ale.

The Lodging, large Toasts, and other
Appendixes not accounted.

Soto sang these blanck Verses in a
very feeble tone, and having finished,
threw the paper into the fire with
such fury, as sufficiently expressed
how angry he was that his Masters
eares should be molested with such
muddy Sarcasms, which act of his put
the Host and Hostess upon the tenters,
espe-

especially when gazing upon the Champion they beheld him foam like some incensed Boar, a pallid Lightning leapt from his eyes, and ill-portending Meteors hung upon his front so that he seemed the very picture of Doomesday ; but while all stood trembling, or rather wishing an immediate then lingring death, the Champion thundred out this menace.

But that thy Stars never ordained thee, thou man of *Motley*, as a fit morsell for my renowned *Kill-a-Cow* to manducate, I would presently slice thee into steaks, and broil thee upon thy own Grydiron ; hast thou a mind to have thy Fabrick fired in so many places, that all the Ale thou art Master of shall not be able to quench it, till it lye (like another *Troy* burnt by me (*Zara*) greater then the greatest of *Grecians*) low in its own ruines ? hast thou a will to have thy barrell heads beaten out, thy brittle Vessels broken against the walls, and thy wife led captive in *Ovant Triumph*.

This

This funguos Inflation operated so vigorously, that aswell *Morba* as her husband fell at the Champions feet, imploring remission, as not imagining his displeasure; The Heroick Don graciously granted their Petition, not onely pronouncing their pardon, but affording his hand in order to their elevation; but withall, warned them to take heed for the future, how they tempted the rigour of Fate by a pecuniary proposall to a Knight Errant; this the poor penitent swore to; which done, our Champion hanged on his Harness, mounting his good steed with a Majestick nod took farewell of his Host and Hostess, who seemingly afforded him a Princely Valediction, but in heart wished him in *Procrustes* bed, or *Perillus* brazen Bull.

CHAP.



CHAP. IV.

The Description of a fine, fragrant, flowery Vale, supposed to be the place where Adam tasted the Apple. The marriage of the Phoenix with the Bird of Paradise; her disloyalty, and his Tragedy. Don Zara's heroick hope.

Fortune having allotted so favourable a departure to her dear Don he was not onely animated for after performances, but exceedingly pleased with his own perfections, which had not onely crammed his colon, but administred instruction to the barbarous, how to bear themselves to true enobled Personages: Soto was as bonny as a new Beneficed Priest, and ran by his Masters Horse as he had bin ballasted with Quick-silver. The all-seeing Sun had travell'd more then half way to the *Antipodes*, when the Champion lighted upon a *Vale, so rich

* This Vale is not now to be found, but that there was such a place. See Mandevile Geography, lib. 10000. pag. 20000.

rich and so rare, that Nature grew Bankrupt when she modelized it, and striving to be quaint (forsooth) forgot to keep any reserve; for by this work the Champion assured himself that he could make no more such; This goodly Plain was imboist with the choicest of Natures Jems; no frost nor winter there, but continuall Spring time, and everlasting Summer; here grow those happy Trees from whence flowes that precious Oyle wherewith Kings and Priests are Anointed; the choycest Fruit that Europe affords with such toyle to the Husbandman, are here to be had unplanted; Here Madam Flora gathers her Roses and Tulips, when we (alas) have not so much as a Daffie to deck her head with; Here Medea pickt those Simples that restored the wise Æson to youth; And here (that the World may no longer be deceived) it is that the Phoenix builds his Nest, being ever distinguished by his menial Train, which are these:

The Pe-hen, } The Turtle,
 The Turkey-hen, } The Gold-finch,
 The

The Pheasant, The Canary, and
The Popinjay The Nightingale.

These are the Phoenix his Favourite, who travail with him through the Ayre upon all occasions, but he never passes the limits of this *Tempe*, as holding all other parts of the Globe not worth his visit: Some Authors (perhaps *Pliny* or *Solinus*) report, that the Phoenix had espoused the Bird of Paradise, his Bride was fair, and rare, and rich, and young, and wise, and noble, only her * *Tay* is too ponderous for her body; this noble pair dwelt not long in peace for loves fire began to flake and cool * ere the unconstant Moon had twice lookt upon the foodfull earth with half a face; she now began to hate and loath what she once so coveted yet to * over-spread her had been no Herculean labour, had her insatiable *Tay*! and mind admitted of conscientious bounds; but thus;

* she took this fault by kind, & therefore was the more excusable.
* Riddle.

* Cover her in the original.

* Six golden Sentences borrowed from the 7th Sages of Greece.

* The weakest stomachs desire the strongest meats.

Thus the greatest smoke rises from the smallest fire.

Edm

Chap. 4. DEL FOGO.

Thus slender wits undertake the profoundest matter.

Thus swift pursuit makes a slow performance.

Thus the Appetite is moved by Impotence.

Thus Palmerin the Champion overthrew the Giant Franarco.

So she though little her self, loved every * great thing, and at last became so incorrigible impudent, that she durst mention a Divorce, although the Phoenix with tears besought the contrary, not so much out of affection to her, as to prevent the shame that must inevitably follow such a business, but all his persuasions were in vain, a separation is made, and she is married to *Gynasure*, an unknowne fowle, both begot and bred by the Ayre. he (according to kind) trod incessantly * firing his own Fabrick to quench hers, who laid often, but yet they were but Wind Eggs, though some * Naturalists say, that such Eggs do hatch the Cockatrice.

How sad the Phoenix was in mind? how sorry to be so slighted by her for whose

* Though it were long first.

* Hadal spied of the French

* See Coward and Poet Quid.

whose sake he had so debased himself
 I leave to those that have been Phoe-
 nixes to judge; but so mightily he
 took it to heart, that now (too late)
 he resolved to hate all second mar-
 ches, and to dye a Widdower; but
 grief perplexed him so, that he feared
 he should leave the world, ere he had
 created himself anew, and so his nest
 being unmade, he might quickly lose
 both life and name; to prevent which
 he takes his speedy flight over hills
 and Dales, Lakes and Rivers, over
 Kingdoms and Countries, both East
 and West, and all this to gather Spi-
 ces for his Funerall (O sweet Bird
 how sad was thy Fate?) But it seem-
 ed better to him (according to his
 pristine priviledge) to kill his body,
 and renew his mind, then to pine a-
 way with grief six hundred years, and
 therefore (having betaken himself to
 his Nest) surrounded with his preci-
 ous Gums and odoriferous Spices, the
 Sun shining bright and hot, he with
 his wings augmented the heat, whose
 strong Retention kindled his Bed, as
 Boyes do dryed leavs with Burning
 glasses, which soon consumed his nest
 himself, and all to ashes, And

* The Au-
 thor laments
 the deplora-
 ble condition
 of the Phoe-
 nix.

And least all these sweets should want as sweet a harmony, a numerous troop of Nightingales conspired in one consort, to warble forth the delicacies of their abode, amidst this Vale their glided a silver Brook, so gently, that the subtillest eye might gaze very strictly, and not perceive it, on whose violet banks grew thick Cypress trees, to keep out Phoebus beams; Here *Pan* and *Faunus*, the Dapper *Druides*, with *Madam Marisco*, Queen of Fairies used to dance the Morris by Moon-light; the bottom of this azure Rivulet was paved with Pearls and Diamonds, which varied their gloss as the gentle breath of Zephyr, perled the surface of the stream, and presenting to the eye (like a Steele Glass) the spangled beauties of the Firmament; Dolphins usually deserted the Ocean, to sport in this *Pactolian Fountain*: Our Champion exceedingly rejoiced, that so happy a harbour proffered it self for his repose; As also, that there was, now, a fair probability of some remarkable Adventure; and therefore clapping *Soto* on the shoulder, Come on,

D

(Quoth

* Who knows but this was that very Tantis or Pactalus so famous in Poetic,

(quoth he) with Roman-like courage, for the Gods, I hope, have appointed me some hungry Lion, or gag-toothed Bear, some deformed Gyant, or male-contented Knight to encounter with here in this Flowery Valley; So putting spurs to his Horse, like another *Alexander* on *Bucephalus*; he made his way into the very entrails of the Grove, at whose dreadfull approach, *Sylvanus* and his shaggy Crew fled amaine; and were soon out of sight, to the Champions extreame discontent, who would faine have been belabouring any thing that had life; but the * pleasure of the place soon calmed his spit-fire contemplations, so that he unlaced his Helmet, and unharnessed himself, lying down at the root of an Almond-tree, where (having been kept waking by malignant Fleas almost all the night before) he soon became slave to *Somnus*, the prattling Brook, in a pleasing tone chaunting a Dulced Lullabye.

* So Hannibal was caught with the delicacies of Capua.

CHAP.

(Group)

G



CHAP. V.

What Discoveries ZARA and his Squide made, wandring up and down the Grove. The Lady Gylo coming thither to disport her self, is encountred by the Champion. His most elegant Courtship. Her Responſion. With other passages.

THREE happy ZARA, who are thought worthy of that Paradise which the first man forfeited for an Apple; But while the Champion slept, Soto (being surprized with the beauty of the place) was ranging up and down to make discoveries, here Potatoes & ripe Grapes offered themselves to his lips, there Pomgranates and luscious Dates contended which first should salute his goodly-fiz'd grinders; Soto was not nice in acceptance, but gathered greedily of all sorts, returning laden to his magnanimous Lord and Master, who

D x on shorted

Inorted so lowd on his Rosie Cowch,
that the verdant Grove reverberated
his garulous repose, while Soto sang
this Dormitory.

S O N G.

S O M N U S, O thou Protean God,
That with woollen shoes art shod,
Thou that hatest Trump and Drum,
Loath'st the Cock, but lov'st the Combe;
Grand enemies to Fifes and Forges,
And the Daughters of Boanerges;
Friend to Fishes and to dumb men,
To silent women and to some men,
Great God of Caps,
Of nods and naps,
Clumzey Somnus now prepare-a,
To rock the senses of Don Zara.

Soto had no sooner ended his Epi-
diction, but the Champions scales fell
from his eyes, and he perceived his
faithfull servant sitting at his feet,
having prepared a Repast after his
Repose; the Champion fed furiously
on the Grapes, squeezing bunches of
them by the dozen, as if he had searched
for * Erigone, and now being suffici-
ently sated, he arose with a resolve

* Bacchus
his beloved
a plump
brown
Nymph. See
Gardan de
Subtilitez

to explore for flesh, either Goat or Stag, but Nature had not played her part so profusely, and indeed she had manifested a prodigious prodigality, had she afforded Shambles to her Fruiterie : The Champion and Soto had not long quested, but they hapned on a spacious Cave, situate at the foot of a Cedar, it was a very vast Receptacle, seeming the work of some Sylvan, or Wood-god, for a Nocturnal Repository ; Soto was first sensible of the novelty, and gave information thereof to his Master, who commanded him forthwith to enter, but Soto gave a modest negation to his Masters mandate ; for, quoth he, who knows but this may be the Mansion of that Geuius which governs this goodly Grot, who being justly incensed at such an intrusion, may metamorphose us into Maples, or some more sordid sort of Fewell : Thou speakest well, quoth Zara, but (that thou mayst know thou servest a Master, whose courage is not a whit inferiour to the stoutest Champion that ever bore Buckler) I am resolved to enter this Cave were it wall'd with

Dragons, and inhabited with Demons; so unlheathing *Kill-za-Cow*, he resolutely leapt into the Cave, examining every angle thereof, he found it a fit residence for an Errant Knight, yea, and a Lady Errant if occasion commanded it; in all respects most resembling that very Vault which *Joseph* the son of *Goron* possessed, when that venerable Quack sold his Brethrens lives (by a Sortilgie) to save his own: Having taken strict notice of its Dimensions, he called *Soto* to the Caves mouth; Enter, quoth he, (thou sperm of a hen-harted Groom) and make it thy wonder, to survey what a subteranean shelter Fate has allotted us: *Soto* (though shaken with an Ague fit) confidently enter'd, and seeing no occasion of dread, took heart of grace, insomuch that he hardly refrained upbraid his Master, as guilty of calumny in down-right terms; * My Lord, quoth he, you are too much an Heretick, if you think your *Soto* refused to cast himself into this Cave out of any anxious cogitation as to his person, for had it been the very throat of *Tartarus*, the gullet of

* *Soto* his
Apologic.

Chap. 5. **DEL FOGO.**

of *Gebenna*, or the belly of *Barathrum*, his courage had afforded him a will to any attempt, though supernatural, especially having the great *Hercules* for precedent, who forced the very Fiends to a compliance, & * brought away *Pluto's* three-headed Porter; the truth is, it was my piety that persuaded me to forbearance; I have read Sir those Lay Divines, *Homér*, *Hesiod*, and *Theocritus*, and do believe with them, that * every Grove, Grot, and Stream has its tutelar and vehicular Deity; but these obscurities (my Lord) are too deep for your reason, you must sit down with a description, Periphrasis, or Adumbration; I say, had it not been impious for me to have rashly rushed upon the Genius of the place: Prithee no more, quoth the Champion, these Puntilloes beset not my observation, let feeble-soul'd *Dorados* listen to such effeminate Axiomes, I am the Rod of Heaven, a man made to let Mortals know how much that fear'd thing may be indebted to my self, the great and true *Amphibium*; for thee (*Seto*) I do not much wonder at thy fear, though I hope

Jan. M^o 1752.

* Witch
the Aqua-
tick and Te-
refiall An-
gels.

* Not but
that the
Champions
Horse was
of a mode-
rate temper,
but this is
spoken by a
figure, call-
ed *Æquos*,
intimating
what might
have hap-
pened to a
more luxu-
riant *Bel-*
gray.

* An emi-
nent Spin-
ster.

thy converse with me, together with
thy strict observation of my Actions,
will render thee after some few months
sufficiently Heroick; Having said
thus, he deserted the Cave (with a
resolve to rest there that night) and
returned to the place where he lately
both slept and eat, neer which he be-
held the Thunder-crested *Founder-foot*
feeding almost to a * surfeit on the
sweet and verdant Grass, which that
plat of ground afforded of an incre-
dible height; Here arrived, he and
Soto sat down, resolved to encounter
with a second Collation, when they
beheld a woman (an infallible Argu-
ment, that she was none of the soun-
dest Politicians) plucking *Pomgra-*
nates, and ripe Oranges, which grew
there in abundance; *Soto* supposed
that some new *Minerva* was dropt
from Heaven, or another *Venus* newly
born of the brackish waves, had cho-
sen this Grove as the most pertinent
place of *Ætheriall* Delectation; she
was cloathed in a rich and sparkling
kind of stufte, woven by * *Arachnes*
fingers, of the finest *Calidonian* Silk,
buttoned before with green *Eme-*
raulds,

raulds, yet not so close but that those hills of snow, her immaculate breasts were visible, lurking under the shadow of Lawn; that Globe of blisses her head was covered with a Tyre of green Sarcener, fringed with blew Flanders Lace, studded with Bristol Saphyres, which (could it be possible) augmented the lustre of her heavenly face, so that she seemed like another *Aphrodite* finish'd for the imbraces of *Adonis*, or a second *Helen* proud of the lime-hound *Paris*: The Champion (though otherwise too tough for such tender Creatures, having been train'd up in the School of *Mars*, and not of *Cyprides*) melted before the eyes of this Sunny substance, waxing proud beneath the navel, and in a minute was moulded into a perfect Inamorate; *Soto* felt the same flames about his heart, but durst not manifest the itching of his soul; our Champion a long time feasted his eyes without speaking (resembling the Statue of *Mark Anthony* gazing on the beautiful Idea of *Cleopatra*) remaining as it were extasie.

* A Venetian Courtier.

* A Disease called the swelling of the leg. See *Parnellius* & *Culpeperus* Legacie.

Such

*Such is thy force, O mighty Cupid,
 Thou canst make Mortalls dull and stupid,
 And when thy Tyrant pleasure varies,
 Dick is all fire, and Tom all Ayre is;
 From the Playle unto the Miter,
 From the Galeon to the Litter;
 From the Stall unto the Styre,
 Are thy Trophies rais'd on hye.*

But at length recollecting himself, he commanded Soto to make up to the Lady, and to Complement her in his name: Sir (quoth Soto) under your correction, I think it would make more for your Honour, and predestinate a surer Accomplishment of your wishes, if you accosted her in person, rather than by Proxey; The Champion could not withstand this Oraculous Incitement; And therefore willing SOTO to wait upon him in the most Ceremonious posture that could be thought on; hee hasted to the place where this Piece of Divine perfection resided, who seeing (as shee thought) a couple of Champions drawing neerer, began to flie, as in a wild amazement,

ment, but the Knights * courteous
 comportment perswaded her, that
 harm could not be intended, where
 such officious zeale was intimated;
 Fortifi'd with this resolve, she stood

with his
 Helmet in
 his hand, and
 bowing him-
 self often to
 the earth.

still, expecting the Champions ap-
 proach, who almost * out of breath,
 could not express himself with that
 fluent Accuracie, which otherwise he
 had done; but after some respirati-
 on, taking her by that moyst Ada-
 mant, her Lilly-white hand, he de-
 livered himself very volubly, Thus;

* Being used
 to ride, not
 run.

Most fair and beauteous Lady,
 whose eyes are the Sun and Moon of
 the Earth, whose face, whose fore-
 head, whose lip, whose hair, whose
 mouth, whose hand, and whose all,
 pronounces all other of your Sex, but
 meer daffes, stroaks, *a la volee*, or at
 randome, that face was not formed
 for any beneath the degree of a knight
 Errant to kneel to; that lip (most
 fair *Venus*) was not Vermillion'd o-
 ver for any to kiss, that cannot boast
 the spoils of War, & the Trophies of
 Victory; Behold (Natures best Piece)
 where *Don Zara* (whom Kings have
 kneel'd to for their lives, and Queens
 have ob-

* Meaning a
retaliation
of Love. See
Cupids Mes-
senger. pag.
10000.

obscured as pensive Lovers) pro-
strates his Horse, Armour, Sword,
Mace, Shield, Servant, and Self at
your bright feet, imploring what the
most resplendent beauties on earth
* have beg'd of him, it is Love most
worshipfull woman that *Don Zara* im-
plores, without which this soul of his
(though to the whole worlds loss, if
not ruine) must forsake its mansion,
and your self (all too late) repent
your coyness, that has destroyed the
most fidelious fighting Servitor that
ever laid just claime to honourable
beauty, and beautifull honour.

Gylo (for so was the Lady called)
knew not what Responcion to yield
to this facetious Rhodomontado (a
Complement not to be paralell'd in
any *Grubstreet Romance*) but at last
making most humble obeysance to
our Heroe (with cheeks blushing like
Aurora) she answered :

Thrice Noble Sir, your manly fi-
gure, and soul-slaving Oratory, as
they command my wonder, so they
contraine me to an ingenuous ac-
knowledgement, that I am no way
worthy of your notice, whose won-
der-

Chap. 5. *DEL FOGO.*

43

der-working Valour merits a *Minerva* for Mistress, and whose copious elocution makes *Mercury* ashamed of his emptiness; but if the candour of my Starres allot me so bounteous a blisse, that your honoured self shall think I deserve your commands, yonder Mansion made of Marble is my abode, and in the bowels of that room adorned with a Balconey do I constantly cover my self.

Gyl had no sooner uttered this, but lowing low, she and her Maid forsook the place, leaving the Champion and his Servitour in much amazement.

CHAR.



CHAP. VI.

Zara murders a monstrous Bear, who
assaulted him in the Cave : He plays
and sings beneath the Lady Gylos cham-
ber Window, and receives a very lucky
return of his Love.

Simile.

Oy and wonder (like two opposite
winds disturbing the already di-
stracted Ocean) strove for Supremacy
in our Champion; on the one side
the Ladies worthiness, on the other
side her coyness palsied her brain, so
that he remained for a time as one
* trans-elemented.

* Meaning
transmogra-
fide, or ne-
morphosed
into a Man-
drake.

Such is thy power, O Love;
such is thy might,
When thou surprisest any
Mortal Wight;
Whether Orlando Smith,
or Oswald Clinker,
Whether the Great Turk,
or the braß-fac'd Tinker;

Thou

Thou mouldst him anew

in every part,

And for a pint of Mirth,

reckon'st a Quart

Of Sorrow, making a most

grievous pater ;

A Fox upon thee,

and thy Sea-born Mother.

Soto a long time observed his Lord
with a serious look ; but perceiving,
that he cared not to put a period to
this excruciating extasie, he burst out
into a hearty laughter, saying, * Cut
pids Arrows (I perceive) can pierce
the strongest Armour, and supple the
most sternest soul, * as those are the
most killing griefs that dare not
speak, so (no doubt) those are the
most ineffable joyes, that cannot gain
utterance : Rejoyce, my Lord, and
sing Psalms to the pretty little God,
who has thus courteously awarded
you ; You are the wittiest and best
of Servitors, answered ZARA, O
I could dye upon her * Spot, and
venture life, or otherwise do more
for her dear sake then those famous

* Sentence;

* Sentence
upon sentence
inserted by
the Author,
merely for
the solace of
the reader.

* Meaning
some private
mark.

Palla-

Palladines, who were Kinsmen to mad Rowland; *Hercules* Labours were but a Bakers dozen, mine shall puzzle *Arithmetick* truly to compute them: She is indeed (quoth *Soto*) the *Metaphysicks* of her Sex, the very Rule of *Algebra*; you are the *Jove* that must press this *Leda*, the *Endymion* that are beloved by this *Cynthia*, and the *Amphytes* that must enjoy this *Venus*: I know it (quoth *Zara*) for didst thou not observe how her colour went and came all the time that I was courting her; and though I say it (that should not) I never in all my life had the happiness of more fluency on so short a warning: *Hermes* himself (quoth *Soto*) could not have handled his business better; but Sir, take it from me, * He that has a woman by the waste, has a wet Eele by the tayle; And they but delayes as much as they abominat debility: What wouldst thou have me to do (quoth the Don?) that we presently visit her; not so soon Sir, quoth *Soto*, you know that providence has provided us a place of rest, you may well waste this night in contemplation of her Excellencies, and to morrow,

An Axiome
borrowed of
Cato.

row, ere the fleet hours shall have harnessed Phoebus fiery Horses, we will bid her *Bon jour* at her Balconey, by which time (if the Muses favour me) we will be provided with an amorous Canticle, Rivall to best of * *Petrarchs*, *Sidney*, or *Ronsard*, onely the Alcean Lyre will be wanting, but that our Voyces shall supply, (* for the silent note which *Cupid* strikes, is far sweeter then the sound of any Instrument) celebrating her beauty, and inciting to the Paphian pleasure. Thou art my better Genius, quoth *Zara*, and shalt share my Fortunes, this was excellently well thought on, and cannot but exceedingly take.

* A most excellent Italian Balad-maker.

* See Tom Dales Aphorisme, Tome 9 scd 12, Apho. 19.

Approach thou silent Night,
mother of Rapes,
And dreary ruine,
friend to Owles and Apes,
Fly, fly, ye winged hours
with eager motion,
And bring the chearfull day
from forth the Ocean,
Father of life and light,
when thou appearest,
Ile take my rise,
resorting to my dearest.

E

I have often heard (quoth *Soto*) that Love can inspire the most insipid; now I have prooffe, my Lord, that you are a very Lover, witness this polite Poeticall passion, but the Night-Raven (Sir) has chanted her Vespers, and Madam Nox has already hung her curtain over the Hemisphere, let us convey our selves to our Concave, quoth *Zara*, and summon *Somnus* to a peacefull parley: I have, said *Soto*, furnished our Pavillion with a bed of the best Moss, and the trunk of an Alder tree for a pillow: Thou art in all things excellent, quoth *Zara*; but now for the contrivance of our Ode: Let me alone for that, quoth *Soto*,* Ile kick the Mount to Atoms, swill up Hellicon, ravish the Nine, and break *Apollo's* Fiddle about his pate, but Ile Rant in most magnificent Miter; Ile warrant the Lady is your own, if (which we have cause to guess) she be one of *Minerva's* Maids of Honour: This said, they departed to their hollowed Mansion, and taking their Cowch, on a sudden became speechless, when Fortune, the professed enemy to worth, appointed them a very danger-

* See John
Clevelands
Resolvs,
Poem 32.

Chap. 6. *DEL FOGO.*

dangerous Adventure, for the slye Sergeant *Morpheus* had no sooner arrested their senses, but the proper owner of the place, a Bear as black as blackness it self, as fell as an Hyrcanian Tyger, entered the Cave (as was her wonted guise) with a resolve to rest her self there that night, but finding uncouth Inmates, she gave so loud a roar, that the Grove echoed the Thunder of her throat; This yelling Allarum soon beat up the Champions Quarters, and he awaked in much distraction, giving *Soto* (though accidentally) so sound a thump on the brest with his * foot, that he cryed out as he had bin broke on the wheel; by this time the Bear had bitten our Champion quite thorow the calfe of his left leg, which made him roar more audibly then this beast of prey entering the Cave: *Soto* mean time (like a hardy Squire) strenuously assaulted this wild creature with his Javelin, but found his hide too tough for penetration, and such was the mockery of Fate, that the Champion had not opportunity to unsheath his Sword, so that his face was scratched and sca-

* Whether his left or right is not certainly known.

rish'd, as his leg was bruiz'd and wounded, no quarter from head to foot was free; was it not time then for the Champion and Soto to say about them, for this hairy Monster fought not to gain honour, but to allay hunger.

The pious Author pitifully bemoans the bad condition of Zara.

* Ah *Zara, Zara*, had I my wish, some God should turn thee into a Sheep, or Goat, nay rather then fall into an Ass, to escape this vile visitation, then thus be taken like a tame Beast in thy own Den.

Yet at last despite of Destiny he forced out *Kil-za-Cow*, and with one single thrust pierc'd through the skin ribs, and rish'd of this sawcie Savage, cleaving her heart who giving a deep groan, becam exanimate: This Conquest being so happily atchieved, the Champion (with *Soto's* aide) disburthened the Cave of this rough creature, whose length (by *London* measure) was no less then six yards, and whose head the Champion immediately severed from the unwieldy Trunk, hanging it on the top branch of a Beech Tree, as a Trophy consecrate

Chap. 6. **DEL FOGO**
to Nemesis and Astrea, engraving this
Diffich about the Bole.

58

Apollo, Python *slaw,*
which was no Bear-a,
The Monster own'd this head,
was slain by Zara.

But the wounds and scratches lately received, were not so irksome to our Champion, as the sorrow he underwent to be maimed at such a time by this beast of Mars, when he had wholly devoted himself to Venus, yet such was the ardency of his affection, that * he resolv'd to visit his Mistress with the morning ;

O true and unparalell'd Amorist, worthy the Pen of another *Barker* ! Others if but prickt with Eglantine, or Phlebotomiz'd with the Guardians of Roses, think themselves sufficiently excus'd for not doing that Devoyre to their Mistresses which *Cupid* commands ; but he, though creeping on hand and crupper, will not faile to complement his fair one, and who knows but the compassionate Gods may reward this admirable Ardour,

* Though one of his supporters had been hackt off, well says the Poet, Love will halt where it cannot go.

E 3

with

with the miraculous cure of his wounds, without the aide of *Machaon* or *Podalyrius*.

The Olympick powers, said *Soto*, have manifested their care of your couragious carcass (thrice Noble and redoubted Heroe) in that they guided your good Sword to so home a thrust when in all probability you had been manducated by that Monster, who now remains headless; the fightless Deity does alwayes file their names, whom he thinks worthy to wage war under his Banner with blood; But I too long neglect to apply some healing herb to your yawning wound. Having said this, *Soto* arose, and searching about the Grove for some * sanitating Simple; he at last lighted upon that (Hell-envied, Heaven-guarded) weed, called * *Marsus Diaboli*, which he gently cropped, chaunting a Canticle to *Tellus*, and resorting to his maimed Master, squeezed the juice thereof into his wound, and then applying the leaf it self, bound it about with the rind of a Mulberry Plant, which gave him present ease, and occasioned his Benizon on solicitous

Soto :

* For the better understanding of this read Dr. Tully's *Francis Poet* file, p. 20000

* See *Classical Recantation*, pag. 121.

Chap. 6. **DEL FOGO.**

Soto : By this time *Aurora* was visible in the East, clad in her purple Robe; *Æons* began to shake his fiery Main, neighing so loud, that *Sol* (* who had slept with *Thetis* all that night) sat upright in his watry bed, and after a yawn or two, took his scourge in his hand; the Champion and *Soto* therefor immediately set forward on their amorous enterptize, and were under the Balconey, where our war-like *Leander* expected his Lilly-handed *Hero* ere the Sun was warm in his Throne; for some minutes they diligently listned if they might hear any body stir, but neither jarre of Clock, nor the hoarse hum of any drowzie Groom to be heard, all things buried in so profound a silence, as if the God of dreams had here pitcht his Pavillion. Begin the Hymn, quoth *Zoro*, the Canzonet that must give my Goddess the Alarm of love, my self will help to bear the burthen; then *Soto* having opened his Organ pipes with a Pegasian hem, began to warble the following Song:

* By this it appears that the Sun himself is an Adulterer. See the Act against Fornication &c.

E 4

SONG:

SONG.

I.

A Rise thou true Aurora from thy East,
 Too long (good faith) thou keepst thy nest
 Zara's no Incubus,
 Nor thou a lazy Sas,
 That thou art tardy thus,
 thy Champions ready with his spear in rest
 Ambo.

Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,
 Take thy half-Moon Fortress in.

2.

Cupid (alas) does suck my best blood out,
 I drop at heart as old wives drop at snout;
 No Brescian Bear loves honey,
 Or down-chin'd Miser money,
 Better then I thy Con—

appear, bright saint, and cure my amorous
 And let the turn-pikes, &c. [Gong]

3.

Love has not onely drove his Reg
 Through my heart, but through my leg,
 After such dire assault,
 Here do I make a halt,
 for I was n're yet shun'd by Doll or Meg.
 Let then the Turn-pikes, &c.

Though

4.

Though (Mars appointing so) I'm fram'd
of Iron,
And that strong barrs of steel my flesh in-
viron,

Though strung with stubborn wire,
I melt in thy Coal-fire,
Cupids strong Cuirassiere
I am, then glorious Girl put thy Attire on.
Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.

5.

Be thou my Sea-born Venus, I will be
Thy Mars, thy Vulcan (I go limpingly)
Let me view thy filken Dog,
(Able to vanquish Gogmagog,)
Ple be thy Ape, be thou my clog,
to love, and not be lov'd, is misery.

Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.

6.

Let's laugh, and leave this world behind,
And procreate till we are blind,
That Gods may view,
With a Dildo-doe,
What we bake, and what we brew,
yet our intrinsic fever never find.
Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,
Take thy half-Moon Fortress in.

(Quaintly) you shall see
what I can do. x They

70

They had no sooner finished their Dirty, but behold Madam Gyllo (apparelled in a loose vestment, her haire bound up in a carnation Cawl, which excellently became her) appeared (like another Juliet ready to receive her beloved Romeo) on the Battlements, bearing in her hand a Pewter Vessel, containing the quantity of about three quarts of that (which like the Spider, she had extracted from her own bowels) she had on purpose procured for our Champions reception, and it appears (* if there be any truth in Tradition) it was the Ladies *Ordure* to precipitate any excrementious substance from that very window: The Champion and *Soto* greatly rejoyced to see this morning Star irradiate that Horizon, but were soon returned to their quondam dejection, when they found their eares unguented with warm water, well lanted with a viscuous Ingredient; the Lady having accomplished her Atchievements, returned to her place of rest, leaving *Zara* and *Soto* in the wildest wonder; nor let any (seeming) *Soto* tax their extasie, for even *Alcides* or

* See Albertus Ajjx, de Modo Cacan di. Tome 10.

Chap. 6. *DEL FOGO.*

17 550

or Achilles had been the same sad ones, had Briseis or Omphale practised the like Complement; but after they had a long time busied their (new wrunced) eyes with gazing one upon another, like men dropt from the Clouds, and perceiving the Lady had left them, without probability of return, they (without speaking one to another, so vast was their amazement) retired to their Grove, their faces full of the ostents of shame and dolour.

End of the First Book.

Don







Don Zara del Fogo :

The second Book.

CHAP. I.

Zara's passionate Complaint against the Lady Gylo, and all her Sex in general. Soto mittigates his ire, they travel to Mount Mongibell, where he is munificently treated by Lamia the Witch.





 Returned to their earth-wal'd
 Cittadell, the Champion
 R and Soto (like penitent Pil-
 grims) entered their Cave,
 hardly refraining to be-
 dew each others Aspects with briny
 drops; Soto was the first that broke
 silence, who taking his Master by that
 hand made to pull up mighty Oaks,
 and pound prodigious Monsters and
 tyrant

tyrannous Tytans to attoms, * Let not my Lord, said he, tollerate this source of sorrow and griping grief to overwhelm him; we cannot, Sir, expound this enigma, * *Edipus* himself durst not enter the lists gainst this Sphynx, who knows but it may be the custome of this country for Ladies to treat their Lovers in this method; * *Womens actions are like their Wombs, not to be fathomed*; but we have no Oracle to resort to, no Temple of *Ammon* or *Cumean Cave*; for my part, I believe the Lady whom you are so vext at, is of too noble and generous a temper to welcom her Votarist with an affront, besides she seems no *Penthesilea*, no *Camilla*, or *Britomart*, that she should think her self of sufficient strength to Bulwark her Mansion, and all within from the Batt:ry of just vengeance, in case your warlike self should vow a devastation, there is therefore some Hyeroglyphicall Catastasis to be expected of this matter. Thou art (said the Champion) a Traytor to my Honour, and a betrayer of that Repute which I have hitherto retain'd despite of Envy; Dost thou think this could be

* Sore his Oration.

* A Cunning man or a teller of Fortunes; this was he who told the old Earl of Essex that his Mistress should make him headless.

* Sentence;

* An Axiome
borrowed of
Lycophron.

be any other then a contumelious Quip; * *Love though he be blind can smell*, and though thy sence and scent have forsaken thee at once, yet know that *Zara* cannot be deluded into a dall Heresie; henceforth I will abjure the thought of that nefarious Nitro-sulphureous Sex, I will finde some Countrey where it shall be Felony to acknowledge I ever lookt upon a woman, and high Treason to say I had a Mother; let who will protect their persons, bolster up their beauties, cringe to their commands, and dye to do them service; Give me my Arms, I will instantly demolish this crazy Castle, and put all its Tenants to the Sword, not sparing this very woman, this vile woman, who has most egregiously abused the truest and Noblest Servant that ever laid leg over Lady. *Soto* perceiving that the Hemisphere being so strangely clouded, storms and tempests must inevitably ensue, fell upon his knees, embracing * the calves of the Champions legs, beseeching him for his sake (his fideliours servant *Soto*) to mitigate his justly conceived displeasure, and

* The more
to win upon
him; this
kind of posture
was used
by all
suppliants of
old. See Cor-
tons Concord
lib. 20. p. 30.

and not to destroy whole Families
for the foolish perpetration of one
whose ignorance (as to his person
and parts) might somewhat excuse
her crime; and though it be true
(said Soto) that in all Comedies more
know the Clown, then the Clown
knows, and though your Fame fill
the Universe, this Lady yet may be
one of those whose eares have not
suckt in the report: For thy sake,
said the Champion, I will spare these
wretches, and inhume my intended
Revenge; I confess I had been too
bloody but for thee; thus the Pelcan
Youth was perswaded by his *Patroclus*
to wire-draw the Fate of *Troy*; I do
acknowledge my self a sworn servant
to that sweet Sex, and (if with *Neop-*
tolemus) I had sacrificed this foolish
Female to *Rhamnusia*, I could not have
expiated the giddy crime without a
tedious journey to *Paphos*; But let us
leave this place, the Genius whereof
(it seems) is an utter enemy to Errant
Knighthood, he then mounted his
prancing Palfrey, who fed not far off,
putting on his shining Armour, and
enveloping his head with a Cap of
steel;

steel; Soto (having first repleated his Crib with ripe Dates, Almonds, and other fruits) had soon harnessed himself, and attended the motion of his Master, whose fretting soul occasioned the galling of *Founder-foots* sides, and Soto's sweat, for the Knight rode as some would run for their lives, like such another *Hotspur* as *Astolpho*, or *Rogero*, posting away from *Logestilla*; and how long this eager mood would have held him, Heaven knows, if his eyes had not clapt plummetts upon his heels, when he beheld a * Mountain of an incredible altitude, for (like *Atlas* and *Olympus*) its head was hid in Clouds for many leagues upward; out of whose torrid entrails flaiks of fire (accompanied with most * hideous noyse) took flight to Heaven, towering in the troubled Ayre like so many ruin-portending Comets; these were no sooner vaded, but (with the same Thunder as before) stones farre bigger then those belonging to Meal-Mills, wer ejected with horrible fragours, able to have astonished any Mortal save *Zara*, who all un-moved, beheld this flaming heap, being a
great

* Read Sir
John Mans
devils Geo-
graphy, l 40.
And Purchas.
Pilgrimage,
Tome 100.
Tract. 10000.

* Perhaps the
howlings of
damned souls

great Naturall, and well versed in
 Illry, and *Albertus Magnus*, but yet he
 would not dare his Destiny by an o-
 ver-ha-dy intrusion to neer the skirts
 of this voluminous Excrecence,
 whose hiew were enough to perswade
 some that *Tellus* has formerly been a
 profound Tipler, and (to the immor-
 tal honor of good Fellowship) wears
 a rich face. The Champion had not
 long contemplated the mysterious,
 and not to be resolved Riddles that
 trackless Nature exhibits, but he per-
 ceived a Cot (not thatch'd, but cov-
 red over with blue slate, the outward
 walls seeming all of shining Glass,
 yet notwithstanding more hard then
 iron) on his left hand in an humble
 Valley, that lay about half a league
 from this fiery Mountain, as if this
 lowly Grot would teach aspiring
 mankind, that to be safe is to shun the
 Mountains heights of greatness, a thick
 smok issued out of the top of this re-
 nement, the infallible symptome of
 some Hospitable Inhabitant, hither
 our Champion address'd himself, with
 a resolve to rest for some minutes, but
 knocking at the door with the pum-
 F mill

See Aris-
 totle's Pro-
 blems, Erra-
 Pater, and
 unlearn'd of
 Cynosirici.

Sentence
 borrowed
 out of
 Greens
 grateworth
 of W T. p. 10.

*These were
once very
proper men,
but now
Metamor-
phosed by
this Circe
into Beasts.

meell of his Sword, and calling to those (in all probability) within, he received no answer; onely the courteous door of it self opened, as inviting him to enter, which he did; *Soto* following him; the first thing he beheld was a kind of Pen; or pance Prison, but far stronger then those the Brittish Shepheards immure their Flocks in, in it were included a great number of (seeming) * Dogs, Wolves, Badgers, Foxes, Apes, and Monkeys, who upon the Champions approach manifested all the signs of Amity, the Dogs wagged their tayles and friskt upon him, the Wolves lickt his hands, the Badgers crouched at his feet, the foxes (throwing away all the wiliness) became his real suppliants; Apes danced antick meerly to make him mirth; & the Monkeys (in the language of the face and the eye) made many protestations of sincere service: *Zara* was something amazed at this strange (yet auspicious) entertainment from creatures whom he had never before convers'd with: what would have amared others, animated him; and that which to others had been * *Lethe*, to him was

Chap. I. *DEL FOGO.*

was *Helens* potion; nor was he so
 bashful, but to take notice of the cour-
 tesie of these creatures whom he com-
 plimented peculiarly, with so win-
 ning a garb, that though Oratory
 were wanting, their silence spake
 more then some could have uttered
 with all the ornaments of Rhetorical
 Elocution: Passing these, he came to
 a door which he found fast lockt, but
 peeping thorow the Key-hole, he per-
 ceived where a Lady of excellent
 beauty was sitting by a fire made of
 the roots of Fir, sorting heaps of
 herbs, a Girdle (borrowed from the
 head of a *Hyena*) full of Magical Cha-
 racters about her waste, her Rod,
 Staff, and other implements of Sorce-
 ry stood by her on a Table of Abster-
 sive Ebony, and about her head (with
 such a noyse of Bees commonly make,
 when they conglomerate) flew milli-
 ons of Batts, Derris, & Butter-flyes:
 This Lady was no other then the En-
 chantress *Lamia*, a woman infinitely
 luxurious, insomuch that no Travel-
 ler that way, of what degree or con-
 dition soever, could escape her, those
 that refused to accompany her, she

These were
 Devils no
 doubt, who
 Complimen-
 ted *Lamia*
 in such
 Shapes. See
 Bodin de
 Dullibus,
 lib. 90.

immediately turned into beasts, appointing them perpetual captivty; this wicked Witch knowing by her Art, that Don Zera should about this time visit Mount *Mangabell*; she (as was her constant manner upon the like occasion) transformed her self (at other times a meer *Mazgera*, the very Emblem of deformity, and the compendium of a *Chaos*) into a most beauteous Shape; Don Zera mist for the *Ulysses* whom this *Circe* will admit to her imbraces, and now perceiving his approach, she commanded her ill-mannerd door to give him ingress, and her self rising from her Chair gave him that welcom which denoted the high effects she had of him; her Menial Train (which were all *Statues of Marble, bearing the figures of untoucht Virgins) yielded him homage; an Ivorie Chair of its own accord branching it self beneath his buttocks, where he was no sooner seated, but a Table richly furnished with rare Vyands and sweet Wines opposed it self to his view, the Marble bodied Maidens waiting obsequiously and filling forth the Wine with much agility.

* These
Damsels
were created
by De-
dalo, whose
Statues (as
Vintio says)
were so
well made
that they
would
walk and
speak like
real women

agility. *Soto* (at the appointment of the Chantress) sat down also, but he who had noted the gogling of his eyes (rowing up and down as if he meant to mutter all the varieties in the room) would have concluded him a Puppet, whose every part found motion upon wire: The Champion as was his usuall guise) fed rapaciously, and so gave *Lamia* good hope of his strenuous activity when *Venus* should make proof of his procreative part; the eating humour being over (grasping a vast Goblet in his hand, whereon was pourtrayed the History of *Io*, being turned into a white Cow, the great *Jupiter* Bulling her) he drank a deep health to the Inchantresse; Most excellent Lady, I now celebrate your Highness health with as true a heart as ever I came from Schoole; This said, he exhausted the steeple Bowl with such vigorous velocity, that *Lamia* could not but be astonished at the worthinesse of the man; Sir, quoth she, you are Master of all those wayes that win most upon us women; but I cannot but wonder at the bravery of your brain that can

brook such torrents as these: Sweet Lady, quoth the Champion, I always drink with the same courage that I use to cleave those Helms that are thought Thunder-proof.

[in't]
*Fill me a Bowl, that I may bathe my head
 And rise like Phœbus in the East,
 Shaking my dewy locks —*

This said, he kiss the Inchantress with such ardency, as he would have eaten her lips off, who very patiently permitted him to dwell upon those Twin-Cherries, and sometimes to practise what good Rogers and Alcyns once experimented, when their Tongues became insoul'd, as Samsons Foxes were inchain'd.

CHAR



CHAP. II.

Soto courts Lapida. The Inchantress turns him into a Horse. She raises the Ghost of Hercules, whom Zara encounters with, and is knockt down. He is extremely enraged, but at length appeased by Lamia, who recreates his senses with many rare sports and pastimes.

WHILE his Master was thus Billing, it had been shame for Soto to sit as a Mute, or whistle upon his thumbs ends, when so many beautiful Objects (as it were) offered themselves to his imbraces; therefore (after Solemnization of the Health) he rose up, and addressed himself to Lapida (the fairest and most portly of all the Attendant Nymphs) * Most pellucid Paragon, quoth hee, whose Fulgor furnishes the Fame of HERO, HELEN, * Soto complements Lapida in a most elegant elaborate stile, perhaps having read the Academy of Eloquence.

or *Hebe*; vouchsafe most illustrious morsell of Maids flesh, to accept of Squire *Soto* his service, chief Chamberlain and sole Secretary to the magnanimous and munificent *Don Zoro del Fogo*, whose body and soul shall cringe to thy commands; *Lapida* returned him no answer, save what her Virgin blushes afforded, which animated *Soto* to a neerer approach, folding his finewy arms about her slender waste, and clinging close to her coral lips, which occasioned many mops and mowes from the other Marble Maidens, and caused *Lapida* to desert his desired imbraces with a cloudy brow: *Soto* being thus shaken off, returned to his quondam station, finding his Master in deep discourse with the Inchantress, who (at his request) informed him, That (those her Hand-Maids were the legitimate issue of *Pigmalion*, whom (though the ancient Bards knew it not) the compassionate Gods (pittyng *Pigmalions* sufferance) graciously transfused, furnishing her with the finest flesh, and all other Feminie endowments. I perceive Madam (said *Zara*) that
your

* *Pigmalion* proved to have had issue by his Marble Mistress, a rare piece of antiquity, hitherto not made public.

your bright self can bring marvelous things to pass by your occult perpetrations, I was once so bewitcht that I could not shite, till two or three Candles ends were thrust up —; Pray Madam, give your servant to know what miraculous things may be effected by Inchantments: I will not hide from thee (my dearest *Zara*) said the Soceres,* that by the potency of my Spells, and Incantations, I can take off the top of *St. Marks Steeple* in *Venice*, and clap it upon *St. Peters* in *Rome*, I can contract the Elements, and (but that I would not destroy this goodly Mass of things) jumble all to its originall Chaos; I can seclude *Æolus* and his sons in a Hawking-bag. I can turn the tide of *Tygrus* or *Nyle*, cloath the Earth with Flowers, the Trees with leaves, & the Fields with verdure; in the midst of winter I can call down *Luna* when I list from her sphere, give life to the dead, and death to the living; Metamorphose men into beasts, and beasts into men; cause Thunder and Lightning, Blasting and Mildews, Storms and Tempests, Earth-quakes & Water-quakes, demol-

* The Inchantress declares what wondrous things may be done by Witchcraft; a fine story, and undoubtedly true, having been an Article of faith in all former Ages, and believed by very wise men of our time.

demolish the stoutest Structures by land, and the goodly Vessels by Sea with a nod: having thus spoken, she called *Soto* unto her, and taking *Zara* by the hand, she said, That thou maist have proofe of my abilities, and that thou art respected by her who can countermand the counsels of the Gods, behold the transmutation of thy Squire; With that, rising up, she waived her Wand three times over *Soto's* scull, thrice she turned unto the East, & as many times unto the West, mumbling over some mysterious Matens, till *Soto* by degrees * was transformed into a goodly Steed, who shaking his crested main, and pawing on the pavement, neighed aloud, like another *Phobos* or *Dimos*, insomuch that the Champion (had not the love he bare to his servant overcome his hasty wishes) could have been contented that *Soto* should have continued in that shape, *Founder-foot* being turned to grass to the wide world: *Soto* had not long proved himself a perfect prancing Palfray, but the courteous Inchantress restored him to his pristine shape, to the Champions exceeding

* *Soto's Metamorphosis.*

ding contentment, but to Sato's extream dejection, who never after that could (faithfully) fancy himself any other save a very brast: This business over, the Inchantress willing to delight the Champion, demanded of him which of the ancient Worthies (*Goliath, Judas Maccabeus, &c.*) he had most mind to behold; I would fain feast my eyes, quoth he, with perusing the person of that monster-taming *Hercules*, the son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, he that made no more of a Lion then of an *Izeland Cur*, who wielded Mountains as Pibbles. drew *Cacus* out of his Den by the heels, and demollished mighty Cities with a filip of his finger: The Champion had scarce spoke, but a Tree sprang up, * whose top almost touched the Clouds, its broad branches were laden with Apples of Gold, most radiant to the eye, about whose body a Dragon (of an un-measured greatness) twined it selfe, vomiting flames of fire mingled with hail-stones of an incredible magnitude, *Hercules* had soon vanquished the Dragon, wreathing his neck with as much dexterity,

* By this it appears that the Roof was not vaulted.

cerity as a Poulterer would spoil the cackling of a *Brittish* Hen: the Champion (though deborted from it by the Inchantress) would needs salute this noble Shade, but received a very rough return of his Congratulation; for *Alcides* very rudely smote him on the head with his huge Club, so that he sank to the ground as dead, wallowing up and down, as their manner is, who are suddenly surprized with fits of the Mother, or (*Hercules* his own disease) the Falling-sickness: *Alcides* having done this scathe, slip away very slyly, leaving the Champion (almost soul-less) sprawling upon the Floor: *Soto* was in an extream Agony for his Master: *Lamia* was grieved and her Hand-Maids heavie, but the Inchantress soon recovered him by watering his Vision with her warm Urine (the customary way (it seems) of that Countrey to revive the enfeebled) which not onely illuminated his dim eyes, but circumgyring about his weasand, enforced him to a manly neese, so that within a little time (to their great comfort) he sate up, calling for some
Wine,

Wine, which being brought, he drank a hearty draught to the Inchantress, though one might perceive (with half an eye) wrath and disdain in Capitall Characters on his front; which *Lewis* perceiving, administered this Julip to allay his fiery Choller.

Sir, quoth she, I perceive your soul sits heavy on its strings (wounded with dolour for *Hercules* his rigid contumacie, and that your heart has entered into Covenant with your hands (justly enraged to be shaken in pieces by a shadow) to inflict a sudden and severe Revenge; but know (most redoubted Champion) that Spirits are of a substance altogether impenetrable, and your anger cannot dilate it self to a deserved punishment; how much did I dehore you from so dangerous att Attempt; but the best on't is, your Sun-like Fame cannot be Ecclipsed by this Interpositon; for you were not felled by a Gyant, but a Goblin; by a Don, but a Dæmon; not by *Achilles*,
but

but by *Alcides* himfelfe; O Heaven, said the Champion (pointing to the place where he was knockt down) that what neither man nor Monster durft to have put in practice, fhould be consummated by a paltrey Specter, a fubteranean fhade, and ayerie Incubus; O *Alcides*, that thy foule were in flefh, that I might grasp thy Gygan-tick bulk betwixt my mighty arms; thou fhouldest finde me no * *Anteu*, or *Achelous*; but I powr out my plaints to the vacant Ayre, and fruitlefly deplore a helpleffe ilk *Lamia* (whole privie parts melted in the Paphian fire) purpofing to put a period to the good Knights grief, by the potent vigour of her *Theffalian* Art, called up the Ghofts of * *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, who playing upon their heavenly Harps, made moft dulcid melody; Then entered *Flora*, accompanid with a drove of *Dryades* (clad in green, their heads encircled with Flowery Anadems) who hand in hand danced the Spanifh way, to the Champions unfpeakable Contentment; By this time the Sunne was
funk

* Two sturdy
Wreflers.

* Two fa-
mous Fid-
lers.

Chap. I. DEL FOGO.

29

lunk neer his Evening Region, to
 Glasse infinite joy, who thought
 each minute an Age, till she had
 tasted those Oily sweets (which she
 resolved to retalliate with Amber-
 Suds) that every Errant Knight pro-
 firates at the Port-Cullis of his Pa-
 ramour.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Lamia and the Champion are transported through the Ayre in a Charriot drawn by two flying Dragons, to the Vale of Vassalage. The manner how Witches wed themselves to the Devil. They visit Charons house, where they find his Wife Fatua at her Huswifery. Charons Canticle. They pass over the River Styx, comming to the very gates of Barathrum, where they hear Pluto's Proclamation.

Lamia lay naked in her Bed,
 and Zara's self lay by,
 Upon his flesh she fiercely fed,
 more sweet then Pork or Pye, &c.

Our Champion and his beauteous Mistris were no sooner secluded in the silken walls of a rich bed, but he performed those rites due to those twin-Goddesses, Concupiscentia and Cytherea, while Soto (like a faithfull Squire)

Chap. 3. **DEL FOGO.** 21

Squire) accommodated *Founder-foot* with Fodder, and other conveniences, hanging up his Master Armour, his Sword, Mace, and other Martiall properties (as he hoped) in the Acznall of *Janus*; for though *Soto* could willingly brook the brunt of a Bickering, the fatality of a Fight, and the consternation of a Combat, yet he was no foe to a tranquillious subsistence, no peace-hater, or profest enemy to ** Comus*: Having disposed of all things most methodically, he departed to his bed with much grief (Heaven knows) that what his Master presided, could not be his example.

* *Soto's* *Bi-*
log c.

* A famous
fat Cook,
canonized
by Pope
sylvesther:
the 22 after
he had bin
worshipped
many Ages
by the
Greckish
divine Hon-
ours. See
Cook's In-
stic. Tome
30. p. 100.

Return we now to our thrice-Re-
nowned Knight, and his Spelkecharm-
ing Associate, the courteous *Lamia*
who having receipt cally recreated
themselves almost to a surfeit, suffered
Sonnet to make prize of their senses,
Doing causes Drowziness: But they had
not slept six hundred minutes ere *Lamia*
call'd to mind, what till then
was slipt from her memory, viz. the
hour of meeting her Sisterhood in the
Vale of *Vasalage* (so called, for that

G

in

In this (swarthy Grot the Inchantr
and her co-partners did Homage to
the King of Flames) she threw he
self out of the bed with such violence,
that the Champion awaked, and de
siring his Dear to give him the cause
of her so impetuous arrivall; she an
swered, My dear Servant, it is no time
now to uleprolix Narrations, please
to desert the bed, you shal soon know
the cause why I left you. *Zara* (who
was now as true a Lover as ever offer
red Incense to *Aphrodite*) soon obeyed
his Mistris commands, and was pre
sently (as already she had served her
self) Anointed from head to foot
with an Unguent, whose savor might
aptly be compar'd to that *Chymical
Dew extracted from the dung of an
Infant; this done, they adorned their
bodies with the same weeds worn the
day before, and then *Lamia* (having
girded her Magicall Cincture about
her waste) approached the Hearth,
where (by a wondrous operation of
her Art) the fire was never extinct,
the immortal Flame deriving its pe
digree from that Caelestiall un-extin
guishable Brand which was born be
fore

A Oleum
turdidum
Infantium.
See Culpeper
pers Dispens
atory, p. 100

fore the mighty *Darius*, when he marched against little great *Alexander*, to make proof which of them two merited the Worlds moytie; Into this fire she flung a great many poysonous Weeds, which (with a rusty knife) she had lately cropped on Mount *Caucasus*, and other *Cambrian* Promontories before the break of day; to this she added * the entrails of those ominous Birds, the Owl and hoarse Night-Raven, blended with red Storax, and the blood of a Lapwing, the shavings of a Shooing-horn, the feathers of a Salamander, the cry of a Mandrake, and the tongue of a Jews-Harp; this done, she entered her Orbicular Goase (taking the Champion with her, who stood trembling all the time, and let none marvell if the most Magnanimous man living be appalled at the approach of Devils, there being no greater Antipathy to be imagined, then between a terrestriall substance, and an Inhabitant of Orcus) making the very basis of this vast Ball to totter with her first Accents, repeating this coercive Charm:

* See Doctor
Lamb A.
phorisms,
lib 2 tract.
17. Aphor,
1000000.

• The Reader must
take heed
that he read
not this
Charm ei-
ther in pri-
vate with
his face East
by North
when the
winds are
high, or af-
ter San Ser.

Great Heccate, Redrosse of shades,
Plashey Grotts, and gloomy Glades:

Neptunes never-sailing Friend,
Whom Night-Goblins do attend:

Flitting from their Ponds and Lakes,
From myrie Boggs, and thorny Brakes:

By whose beams (when Sol's away)
Span-long Infants sport and play.

By the Lapland Hags, & bears hum,
And great Demogorgon's Drum.

By the Mandrakes killing cry,
And the Owls harsh melody.

By Alecto's Snaky Twine,
And the Tyre of Proserpine.

By fiery Phlegeton and Styx,
And Puck-Hayries Genetrix.

Lest I ding thee down to Hell
(By the vigour of my Spell)

Ayde, O ayde my great desire,
By those ever-wandering Fires,

That lead Travailer's astray
All the night, till break of day.

This

This potent, and never-equal'd Incantation (dangerous to be uttered by the Reader in an audible tone) was no sooner uttered by the Inchantress, but it conitruated horribly, fulminating promiscuously from all parts of the troubled Hemisphere, the Earth was shaken with an Ague fit, huge Oaks were torn up by the roots, and strong Structures levell'd with the ground, when behold a Chariot (seeming all of fire) drawn by a couple of Comets in the shapes of Dragons, received *Lamia* and the Champion, who travail'd through the ayre till they came to the Vale of *Vassalage*, where alighting, they found the mighty Monarch of *Gebenne* (* his bulk like some huge Mountain horned like a Goat, his feet resembling Serpents, two rows of Teeth, each longer then the Mast of a Ship,) sitting beneath a Cypresse Tree, to whose Trunk (as his manner alwayes was) he turned his prodigious face, allowing all or most part of

* The description of the Devil, according to the frequent confessions of Witches & Sorcerers.

The same
with that of
Yasquil, de
legibus, lib.
30 claw a
Churle (i.e.
the Devil)
by the Arse
he'll shire in
your hand.

his back parts only to be kissed, which
all there (with most humble obey-
sance) saluted, and then with a joyne
Acclamation (crying *Har, Har,*)
they joyned in an Antick Dance;
which finished, each Sorceress had the
fruition of her Incubus, *Lamia* not
excepted, which exceedingly stirred
the Champions choller; After this,
they sat down to feast, the Earth, Ayre
and Seas being plundered of its Inha-
bitants, to satiate these Sorcerous
wretches; the Champion (who ne-
ver gave his Teeth cause to curse his
Tardity) fed with the formost, but the
spight was, the eating time being o-
yer, he could not mix with the rest in
the Coranto; for the truth was, our
Champions Parents were no Courti-
ers, nor himself ever acquainted with
the nice Puntilloes of Kings Pallaces;
All being vanished on a sudden, our
Knight and *Lamia* were left alone,
who preparing to take Coach in or-
der to their Journey homeward, the
courageous *Dor* grasping his Mistres
snowy hand, thus divulg'd himself:

So many and so great (most melli-
fluous

flubus Madam) have those favours bin
 extended to me your worthless Ser-
 vitor, that were my head stuffed with
 the wit of *Hermes*, my fore-head deck-
 ed with the branches of *Pax*, my eyes
 irradiated with the fulgency of *Sol*,
 my cheeks adorned with the Roses of
Ganymede, my nose still running with
 divine *Nepenthe*, my lipps qualified
 with a Carnation tincture, my teeth
 of that very Ivory which pieced up
 the shoulder of *Pelops*, my beard the
 Beesome of heaven, my neck a Phar-
 an Tower, my shoulders bearing up
 the world with *Atlas*, my arms sphear-
 ing the Earth, my hands grasping
 both Poles, my belly more big then
 the Tun at *Heildeberg*, my thighs
 strutting like a *Rhodian Coluss*, my
 legs supporters of the Globe, and my
 feet like those of *Erichtonius*, yet I
 could never be Master of such a Gra-
 titude as might refun'd the sixtieth
 part of your incomparable indulgen-
 cy; adde but one more to all your
 past favours, and make me eternally
 yours. I have heard that *Ulysses* and
Aeneas, * I will not name *Hercules*, (the
 true Types of me) had the happiness

* Remem-
 bring his as-
 front chap. 1

to visit that dark Dungeon where the damned dwell, and to have commerce with those Ætherial Souls that dance together in the Elysian Shades, and yet returned (safe and sound) to their terrestrial abodes; I would fain know what is done in the other World, though I have no ambition to injure any there, or (with *Hercules*) to captivate *Cerberus*.

That you may know (said *Lamia*) what an immense power you have over me (though the Adventure be dreadful and dangerous) you shall have the fruition of your desires, be sure you enjoyn your tongue the strictest silence; this said, she and the Champion re-entered their Charriot, being transported over Woods, Cities, Seas, Villages, and tops of tall Steeples, and in a trice arrived at that very place where (after solemn Sacrifice to his Mothers soul) *Ulysses* began his Progress to *Pluto's* Monarchy; here they disburthened their Carroach, and the Inchantress taking *Zara* by the hand, departed down a pair of winding staires; having no light save a kind

Kind of dusky glimmering, such as
some call Twi-light; the bellowing
of black Rivers and shrieking of
Furies made a dreadfull diapason, to
which was added a pestilential smell as
of Brimstone, Naptha, &c. They travel-
led so long down these stayres, that
Zari (who now repented his rash opti-
on) imagined himself con-centred
in the Earth, and now they beheld an
exceeding high Wood, whose top
seemed to touch the Clouds, every
Tree had its branches laden with a
kind of swarthy Fruit resembling
Cucumbers, each of them including a
damned soul; who were incessantly
tormented in the bowels of these Cu-
cumbers, without hope of Infran-
chisement: Having past this Wood,
they arrived at the very brink of the
River *Stryx*, whose dark waves evapo-
rated a thick smoak; here they found
Charons Boat (with onely one Oar in
it) fastned to part of that Cottage
where the grisly *Ferriman* resided, but
no Boat-man to be met with; the oc-
casion of *Charons* absence was this,
Pluto had newly married his eldest
daughter *Tenebrosa* to the great Duke
Mara-

Marathon, whose Territories extended from *Pblegeton* to the Lake *Aver-nus*, having under his command sixty Legions; and this wither'd Water-man had imployment as Pilot in *Pin-ro's* chief Galeon, to convey the Princely pair and their Retinew over *Acberon* to their own Dominions; the Inchantress was extreemly vexed to find *Cbaron* a non-resident, insomuch that she was once resolved to punish Hell and Heaven, as culpable of a contumacy, when behold *Cbaron's* Consort (*Fatua*) a Matron of much gravity, and daughter to *Chaos* and *Nox*, fell at the Inchantress feet, beseeching her not to be offended at her husbands absence, relating that his Prince had summoned his service, withall intreating her to approach her homely Mansion; *Lamia* and the Champion were not shie to enter this homely Pavillion, where they found a candid Reception from the aged *Fatua*, who upon their entrance threw a kind of Gum into the fire (made of a kind of Pumice, much resembling the British Turf) by vertue whereof, the Room where they were seemed more luminous

uous then the House of Sol, they received celestially Visions, and fancied themselves equal with the Gods, they had not long injoyed this beatificall Vision, but they heard the aged Ferimans voyce, who sang the following Canticle, walking upon the Surges.

SONG.

Foolish Mortalls (sed with Pyp)
(Sporting in cold Tellus lap)

Alwayes scraping, alwayes scoring,

Alwayes drinking, alwayes whoring,

you spend your lives,

with mag-tayl'd Wives,

While the subtile Syrens rock ye,

Till your proud flesh make ye pockey.

Driving Acres down your Gullets,

Till you dine with butter'd Bullets,

Drink and drab, study and stare on,

You must all conclude with Charon.

Wash your throats with Wine and Worr,

The Gods made man to make them sport;

Not can ye ere be called men,

Though ye write threescore and ten;

Y'are

*Yare leaden Daddies,
To light Ladies,*

*Ships floating on a Sea of Glass,
The Stagerite was put an Ass.*

*Drink and drab, study and stave on,
You must all conclude with Chason.*

By this time the grey-bearded Oar-
man had gained his Hive, and with a
cheerfull hum saluted *Lamia* and the
Champion after his rustick manner,
who returned him more Comple-
mentall Retribution: The Inchan-
tress had no need to inform him of
her design, * *None ever toucht the
Strond of Styx, but they ballasted Cha-
rons Boat: wherefore taking leave of
Fatus, they immediately Imbarqued
themselves, the rough old Siegnior
(having been well feasted in the
Court of Pluto) tugg'd at the Oare
like any Terrestriall Barge-man a-
gainst Wind and Tide; but by that
time they were half way over Styx,
they espyed an aged * person all na-
ked,*

* *Sanguine.*

* He is ve-
ry oblivious
what knows
not this old
mans name
See Apulei-
us his Gol-
den Calf, li.
6, p. 13.

ked, of a venerable Aspect (very near them) crying out for help, for that he was in danger of drowning: The Champion (moulded of a noble mind) was proffering him his hand, had not *Lamia* hindered him, who related unto him briefly what this old man was, and how inevitable a ruine had ensued, in case he had afforded him aide; ere her Caution found period, they were within sight of shoar, where they landed, giving *Cherow* his usuall Sallary, who (wondering what Miller Wights these were, since he had not above thrice before had experience of the like) took his leave with more Ceremony then usuall, and returned to his Wherry.

The place where the Sorcerers and our Champion now were, seemed a Marshy ground, or rather a perfect Quagmire over-grown with blasted Reeds, and withered Sedge, yet of so solid a surface, that they trampled as upon *Scythian* Ice; being past this Bog, they presently came to the very

very Gates of Barabrum, fashion'd of burnisht Brass, which (contrary to Ancient and Modern belief) were fast locked, for that the God of Ghosts had lately made Proclamation,

Plato's Proclamation

As much as our Brother Jupiter, King of Heaven (intending merely his pettiliar interest and self-gloze) daily Delegates numberless multitudes of the more leproous, turbulent, and factions sort of souls for our Territories, to the disturbance of our Peace, and apparant Assassination of our Monarchy, while we are in daily danger of being oniz'd by the malevolent combinations of curst spirits; These are therefore to wit and command you Cerberus, our chiefe Porter in ordinary, with the assistance of Our trusty and well-beloved Minos, Lord chief Justice of Tartarus, that none of what condition or quality soever, be permitted to passe as Pilgrims, or otherwise) into our Dominions, that shall not be able to render an account of their good behaviour

hav'our in the upper World, and instantly take the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy: This you are not to fail at your utmost perill;

Witness our Self, at *Ætna*.

The horrid clamours that were heard within, made the Champion with himself in that very Cave again, where the Bear baited him; But there is no receding now; * *He who sets* Sentence *his foot upon Hells Threshold, shall be enforced to enter the house.*



CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Inchantress and Sara visit the innermost parts of Hell. A description of the various torments inflicted on the damned, till now not known. Thence they pass to Elizium, where they find all in uproar, and return to Lamia's abode.

Lamia and the Champion had returned without their errand, had not *Minos* (who knew the Inchantress knock) commanded *Cerberus* to paw open the Gates, yet though the Judge were a great honourer of *Lamia* and the Champion, he durst not permit them to pass on till they had taken the * Oath, and signed the Instruments; which done, they had free emission: Then the Inchantress again anointed her self and *Zara* (with an Unguent far different from the former) that so they might walk upon red hot Irons, tread on fiery Serpents, and (if need were) wade through Rivers of boiling Lead untouched; she also (for the
pre-

* I A B See
Cornel Agrippa his
Occult Philosophy Or
Tulcia love
written by
the Masters
of Art.

preservation of his person, though to the torture of his tongue) boared a hole with her Bodkin quite thorow that garulous nerve, which Nature (very politickly) had secluded in * Ivoric grates, which made him bleate like one burned for swearing, drawing a Ribband of a Sea-green colour thorow the Orifice, which tyed a true * loves Knot so amply, that a gag could not have given better security to the Sheriff for a Pilloriz'd Factionist: This done, they beheld all that erring Mortalls so much discourse of and so little know; but the Devill a *Tygitus*, *Tantalus*, or *Ixion* were there; *Sisypus* indeed was sitting upon his Stone very melancholly, a bowl of boyling liquor before him, which he often sipt on, but very charily for fear of scalding his chaps, it seemed no other then an absterfive Posset, curdled with shavings of Ebony, Nero, *Heliogabalus*, *Caligula*, *Comodus*, *Basilides*, *Mezentius*, and a thousand other Tyrants branded by antiquity were there, yet neither broyling in blue flames, nor fishing for Salamanders in fiery Rivers; but what was

* By this it is evident that the Champion was not toothless.

* The Emblem of Læstria's affection.

H

Worste,

worse, Nero was Cobling of shoes, Heliagabalus and Caligula were busie at the Forge, Commodus crying (like any Costermonger) * Pippins eight pence the hundred, Basilides and Mezentius (sweating under their burthens) were carrying sacks of Coals into Pluto's Kitchen; such like punishments were inflicted on Phalaris, the Syccilian brethren, and others.

* In a wicker basket with three legs.

The Inchantress and Zara made all the haste they could from this dreadful Den, and are now arrived in the Elizian Shades.

*Where are no Locusts, nor six-footed Lice,
But Popin-jays, and Birds of Paradise,
Plump youths with backsom maids do what
they please,
And never fear the fatall French disease.*

* viz. Phaeron, Fremio, Borachio, Brunello, Boreo, Eodino. See the Mus'es Interpr.

Here they found six of Sols * Sons (begotten on Climine) making perpetual day, not seated in Chariots, or forced to use the Whip as their aged father Phœbus, but walking up and down, or sitting, as best sorted with the society of those sublime Soules, who inhabited this thrice-happy place;

place; not a shrub here but breathed odours, the bounteous soyl was cloathed all over with Roses and Lillies, Fruits as fair, as fragrant of taste, offered themselves to be pluckt by any consecrated hand, *Vulturnus* was incessantly active in plundering the Ocean of its perfumes, which he unladed here, fanning whole piles of *Sabea* Gums and *Syrian* Spices, with his purpled Plumes, till these blessed ones were inveloped with Aromatick Clouds: no Female, here, is branded with that egregious epithet of *Whore* and *Strumpet*, for all women are in common, onely they boast not the act of Generation, for then *Jupiter* must inlarge his *Elizium*; but (as if these two had brought * *Ase* along with them) there hapned such a bunniness amongst these blessed ones this day, as had not been known in thirty thousand years before, for *Ajax Telamon* (by the instigation of *Tirsi*tes, a fellow as much mis-shapen of mind as body) had upbraided *Ulysses* with cowardize in the *Grecian* Warre, and (which all *Letbe* could not make him forget) that he attained *Achilles* Armor

* A woman of a harsh tumultuous temper, a broacher of brawls and fomenter of quarrels. See Valques de Belmisa, 110.

rather by odious connivance then by
 oraculous Eloquence; upon this the
Trojan Worthies congregated in heaps
 led by their old Chieftain *Hector*, and
 the *Greeks* appeared in great bodies,
 under conduct of *Achilles*, so that all
Elizium was in uproar, while (as if
 to powr Qyl upon the fire) another
 brawl was newly broached among the
 Gown-men, *Homer* having smote *Hesiod*
 on the head very grievously, for
 boasting behind his back, that himself
 was in all respects his Rivall, *Pindar*,
Stesichorus, *Coluthus*, *Lychopron*, took
 part with *Homer*; but *Moschus*, *Bion*,
Theocritus and *Anacreon* were for *Hesiod*;
 this was no sooner bruited a-
 broad, but it gave occasion to *Statius*
 to vaunt himself equall with *Virgil*,
 as if *Adrastus* were co-equall with *Aeneas*;
 here was a new matter for *Lucretius*,
Lucan, *Ovid*, and *Horace* declar-
 ed themselves point blank for *Virgil*;
Propertius, *Catullus*, *Martiall*, and *Persius*
 took part with *Statius*, so that
 there was like to be fighting on all
 hands; the *Greeks* divided under *Homer*
 and *Hesiod*, and the *Latines* under
Virgil and *Statius*, and it had been
 well

well, had the horror (like to ensue)
made a halt her, for the fire of Emu-
lation burnt fiercely in every angle
of this Paradise; the Brittish Bards
(forsooth) were also ingaged in quar-
rel for Superiority; and who think
you, threw the Apple of Discord a-
mongst them, but *Ben Johnson*, who
had openly vaunted himself the first
and best of English Poets; this Brave
was resented by all with the highest
indignation, for *Chawcer* (by most
there) was esteemed the Father of En-
glish Poetrie, whose onely unhappines
it was, that he was made for the time
he lived in, but the time not for him:
Chapman was wondrously exasperat-
ed at *Bens* boldness, and scarce refrain-
ed to tell (his own *Tale of a Tub*)
that his *Isabel* and *Mortimer* was now
ompleted by a Knighted Poet,
whose soul remained in Flesh; here-
upon *Spencer* (who was very busie in
finishing his *Fairy Queen*) thrust him-
self amid the throng, and was recei-
ved with a shout by *Chapman*, *Har-*
rington, *Owen*, *Constable*, *Daniel* and
Drayton, so that some thought the
matter already decided; but behold

* Henry 4.
his Poet
Lawreat,
who wrote
disguises for
the young
Princes.

Shakeſpear and *Fletcher* (bringing with them a ſtrong party) appeared, as if they meant to water their Bayes with blood, rather then part with their proper Right, which indeed *Apollo* & the *Muſes* (had with much juſtice) conferr'd upon them, ſo that now there is like to be a trouble in *Triplex*; * *Skelton*, *Gower*, and the Monk of *Bury* were at Daggers-drawing for *Chawcer*; *Spencer* waited upon by a numerous Troop of the beſt Book-men in the World; *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* ſurrounded with their Life-Guard, Viz. *Goffe*, *Maſſinger*, *Decker*, *Webſter*, *Sucklin*, *Cartwright*, *Carew*, &c. O ye *Pernaſſides*! what a curſe have ye caſt upon your *Helliconian* Water-Bailiffs? that thoſe whoſe Names (both *Sir* and *Chriſten*) are filed on *Fames* Trumpet, and whom *Envy* cannot wound, ſhall now periſh by intestine Diſcord, and home-bred Diſſention? While theſe ſtirres were on foot *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Epicurus*, *Empedocles*, *Anaxagoras*, *Anaximander*, *Chryſippus*, *Epicletus*, *Zeno*, *Ariſtole*, &c. both *Perapateticks*, *Stoicks*, *Epicureans*, and all the
(ſome

(sometimes) discordant Sects of Philosophers (being now all of one self-same opinion, *Diogenes* excepted, who could by no means be won to a compliance) were all seated in the School of * *Scepticism*, not ashamed to learn this in the *Ætheriall*, which they trampled upon in the *Terrestriall* world: while they were giving diligent attention here, the gap grows wider, and open Warre is almost proclaimed by the busie ones of *Elizium*, but the clement Gods would not suffer so dire a catastasis, for *Hermes* entering the Lists, threw down his War-der, summoning the incensed Bards to *Phœbus* Tribunall there to render an account of this wild action; the Ring-leaders of the Greeks and Trojans (almost by the ears about *Ajax* his business) *Cylenus* arrested with his *Caducifer*, warning them forthwith to appear before *Mars*, to answer this prodigious contempt of his Power and Sovereignty, for he being the God of Swords and Salt-Peter, challenges the sole Superiority (as well over the brawling wives of *Brinsgate* as the Subburbian *Hectors*)

who taught
that there
was no power
but that
of the sword
See Arile
Evans Prophe-
cies.

both for the creating, carrying on, and composition of all quarrells from the Irish Skeyn to the Scottish Dagger. This fullen Hemisphere is now serene again, and the more peacefull Souls discarded of their Anxieties; the Inchantress gave little regard to the (new-appeased) Garboyles; but the Champion took great pleasure in their perusal, wishing a prolix date to their dire distemper; by this time they arrived neer the brink of a broad River, whose waves were of a greenish colour, but full of speckled Serpents, with faces like women, & tayls like * *Vesuvius*; this was that plashcy Purpatory where *Clitemnestra*, *Semiramis*, *Phædra*, *Medea*, *Agave*, *Myrba*, *Canace*, &c. were eternally tortured, the manner of the torment thus, twice every day they beheld (as they were chained to their torrid Pillers) a troop of beauteous young men, all naked with * vast-fiz'd Genitalls, sitting at a Table furnished with all sorts of delicacies, and after their repast dancing most gracefully, to the tune of *Dido* the hapless Queen of *Carthage*; whom *Lamia* and *Zara* would fain have blest their

* A hot hill
in America.

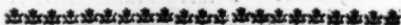
* These torments must
needs be in-
pressible.

their eyes with, but could not, she had bin there (it's true) but the compassionate Deities at the instant importunity of *Aeneas* (who himself was also Deify'd) gave her an *Habeas Corpus*, removing the languishing Lady from her watry Gaol, to a starry Mansion, where she waited on *Juno*, rubbing her toes, and tying up the trammels of her hair when occasion commanded; The

* Champion would fain have exercised his valour for the present liberty of these Ladies, though all the powers of *Orcus* had thwarted him, had not *Lamia* declared the vanity of the attempt, and how impossible it was to procure their Infranchisement: Our Noble pair had now sufficiently sated themselves with Acherontick novelties only yet they had not seen *Pluto's* Palace, nor kissed the hand of *Avernian Juno*, *Lamia* would have visited the Court of that swarthy King, had not *Zara's* indisposition impeded her Resolve; therefore they hastened with all speed to the very Gates of *Barathrum*, which at their return they found wide open, but so great was the desire of their attaining the
ter-

* Mark here our Champions incomparable courage.

terrestiall Globe, that they made no inquiry of the cause thereof; their Carroach awaited their comming very dutiously, into which having cast themselves, they were (within few minutes) conveyed to *Lamia's* abode.



CHAP. V.

*Zara (having made a strange Discovery) can by no means be perswaded to dwell longer with his Love Lamia ; his remarkable Speech at parting. Her wo-
full Lamentation.*

THat our Champions shirt was glewed to his Loynes, and his whole Microcosm out of frame, will be no mans wonder that considers the length, or rather depth of his journey, and how hot a place Hell is, but no preservative is wanting that may restore him to his lost strength, but he being of a tough constitution, instead of Ginger-bread and Jellies, calls for the leg of an Ox, and the thigh of a Sheep, the desolation wherof rendred him

him in his full vigour (so that *Lamia* perceived it was rather his five hours fasting than any other obliquity that occasioned his distemper) which the Inchantress could not credit, till she had made experimentall proof of his *Abilities; Long time our Champion and *Soto* remained with this *Acrafa*, this *Armida*, this *Alcyna*, this what shall I call her, -- this Witch, -- No delight whatsoever but resided here, the palate pleased with curious Cates and delicious Wines, the eye delighted with variety of the most glorious objects, the ear feasted with Soul-charming Harmony, and finally all the five Sences fed to an Atrophie in this Palace of Pleasure, yet cannot all these allurements and blanchishments so mollifie our Knight, but he remembers, in the midst of these false joyes, these delusive delights, and Sugar-plum contentments (that not the eater) that his business on Earth is of a different Die, to succor the oppressed, to tame fastidious Tyrants, and make mis-shapen Monsters tremble at the clashing of his Arms, but (not to make our Champion more hungry
after

* Meaning
how he
could resist
her charms.

* By this it appears that Witches are not altogether so omnipotent & omniscient as Gaffer Bodin and other witch-mongers would make us believe.

after Fame, then indeed he is) why he would needs be going was, for that he had discovered the damned fraud of the fallacious *Lamia* being far enough (as * she thought) from the perusal of her person, when peeping through the cranney of a wall, he perceived his cunning Concubine in her true and native shape.

*So old, so wondrous old,
In the Non-age of time,
Ere the Serpent fed on slime,
Or Eve put on her Petticoat,
She was in her prime.*

* The Description of a virtuously disposed Matron.

It would have puzzell'd that Female Mastix Mantuan to have limm'd this she-Chymera, * the wrinkles on her face might be called *Cupids* graves (not that *Cupido* is dead) where the Dand-prat Deity sits triumphing in his own Trenches; this is the *Orcus* that includes millions of Fiend-like frowns, Myriads of deep Ruts and Sloughs, in all respects resembling a parched Dung-hill perpetually moistened with salt water leisurely distilling from the Lymbecks of her leaden

leaden eyes, her breath like the steam of *Tenarus*, blasts the Spring be it never so forward; take her whole face, together with all its furniture, and like Clouds it turns day to night, and mightier then the Sea, makes Moors seem immaculate: Our Champion was wrapt with no little wonder to behold this strange mutation, she that some hours before seemed another *Hellen*, is become a very *Hecuba*, already barkt into a Bitch, yet durst not our Champion take notice of the killing Object, (Note here our Champions meer cunning) un-wary Narration his eyes had beheld a number of Metamorphos'd men turned into Beasts by the Inchantments of this wicked Sorceresse, and to be an Ass was such a thing as made him tremble to think on, desirous therefore to be quit of this foule Quean (having recounted those many Obligations upon him, and protested the greatest Ardency of Devotion) he humbly and earnestly besought *Lamia* to let him depart; for quoth he,

* See Cæſar's
Commenta-
ries in Eng-
liſh.

he,* the Ruſt of Eaſe feeds on Honour like a Moth, and to a true enobled mind nothing is more irkſom then idleneſs, adding he had been long benum'd with the Torpedo of Exceſs, and ſo made himſelf enemy to that employment which God and Nature had appointed; How many *Parthia's* (quoth he) languish under the harſh Tyranny of flinty-ſoul'd *Demagoraffes*? How many Phalarian Tyrants trouble the world with tempeſtuous Impoſitions and Diabolicall Edicts? How many Dragons ſleep ſoundly in their Marble Cels at night who all the day do nothing but devour thoſe harmleſs Hobinols, that toyl for the benefit of mankind? How many Inchantments expect a period from the prudency of my courage; and how many formleſs Gyants (taller then Oaks) might have bin hew'd down with *Kill-za-Con*, while *Zara* makes himſelf a Milk-ſop; a Carpet-Knight, a Coxcomb, and what not? *Lamia* had liſtned to this farewell (to her a Funerall Oration) very attentively; but all the time our Champion was talking, he might perceive
how

how her sick soul sat upon her lips,
 looking as *blue as Butter-Milk ; A-
 las, said she, that the Fates should al-
 lot poor *Lamia* so sad a sufferance ; is
 there but one onely Knight in the
 World (who draws my soul as *Bar-
 bary* horses drag a Dutch Carroach)
 and do I finde his love loose in the
 hiltis ? who like those who chuse ra-
 ther to lye on boards then beds, with
 blocks for pillows, despises the silken
 delicacies of Repose, to tread the
 path of Tumult, and rashly wishes to
 experiment those hardships dogging
 Knights-Errant at the heels : O my
Zara, wherein has *Lamia* displeased
 thee ? What have thy wishes promp-
 ted thee to, that thou hast wanted ?
 Has not Heaven, Hell, Gods, Men,
 and Furies been at thy beck ? * Has
 not *Bacchus* prostrated his blood, *Ce-
 res* her store, *Cyprides* her delights,
Apollo his Lyre, *Pytho* her voyce, *Juno*
 her stateliness, *Hermes* his wit, and
Jove himself his Heaven, and yet can-
 not all this create a compliancy ? O
 my dear *Zara*, let not thy ambitious
 desire to rivall those rapacious Rene-
 gadoes of old, whose best happinesse
 was

* An infal-
 lible sign of
 a troubled
 mind. See
 Culpeppers
 last will &
 Testament.
 i. e. his Le-
 gacie, chap.
 12.

* Mark the
 Majesty of
 these tropes

* See the
History of
Mervin and
Pregolus,
with his
three sons.

was to purchase a Pageant Fame with
a reall infortunity, and are at best but
* blended with dirt and blood, per-
swade thee to a tedious travell after
that glory which in the grasping pas-
ses through the fingers.

*This said, she with her goggle
eyes did stare-a,
(As if she meant to look
him through) on Zara.*

* As in ex-
pectation of
the Cham-
pions re-
morse.

It would have bruiz'd a brazen
heart (more hard then that Head once
To baffled by Mounsieur Miles) to
have beheld her in that Agonie for a
long time, * her looks gave the lan-
guage of her heart, but reading his
unalterable resolvys written (Steno-
graphically) in his face, she rose up
(like a fierce Tygres) taking by the
throat (to his almost strangling) with
such a voyce (for all the world) as
Dido when she perceived that she must
lose her sturdy Stallion, the strong
chined Æneas, she said; O thou inex-
orable Beef-brained man, thy Mother
sure was some Welsh woman, who in-
stead of her own fostered thee with
Mares

Mares Milk, thy Father some salvage
 Kern, begotten by an Incubus, and
 thy breeding no better then that the
 Boars of *Belgia* afford their swar-
 bodied Bantlings : Go, but may my
 conglomerated curses go with thee;
 but if not for my sake (here she be-
 gan to treat the Champion in a mil-
 der tone, yet for that which this
 womb of mine includes, thy *Seed, •Which the
 Champion
 had conceiv-
 ed into her
 through a
 pipe, that
 it is possible
 so to do. See
 Chrysostom
 Book of wo-
 men and of
 wombs.
 which even now cuts capers in my
 womb ; be courteous to perishing
Lamia ; here she let fall a number of
 salt tears, infomuch that *Soto* could
 not forbear to accompany her ; her
 Marble Maidens sweat brinie drops,
 making much lamentation for their
 Mistress ; not all this could mollifie
 our Champions minde, yed did he
 once more give the grounds of his
 Protestations, that no Lady under
 Heaven should ever claim that Sove-
 raignty which her bright self so right-
 fully inherits ; he would have added
 more, had not the Inchantress flung
 away in a great rage, and locking
 her self up in her Closet, gave com-
 mandment that none should have ac-
 cess to her ; she gone, our Champion
 stood

* Meaning Banks his Beast, if it be lawful to call him a beast, whose perfections were so incomparably rare, that he was worthily term'd the four-legg'd wonder of the world, for dancing (some say) singing, and discerning Maids from Maulkins, usually having of a long time proved himself the ornament of the Brittish Clime, travelling to Rome with his Master, they were both burned by the commandment of the Pope.

flood in a strange dilemma, almost resolved to link himself to *Lamia* for ever; to this *Soto* very powerfully exhorted him, and (no doubt) had prevailed, had not his fancy immediately fallen upon the sullen contemplation of that sooty change, when he beheld his *Minerva* a *Megeira*, and his young beauteous Lady a black deformed Dowdy, so that he commanded *Soto* to saddle his good Steed, and to bring his Sword, Armor, and Mace, which *Soto* presently performing, the Champion forthwith armed himself, commanding *Soto* to the like, and having mounted his fiery steed, who (like one of * *Banks's* breed) danced under him for joy; he called for *Lapida*, with an intent (since *Lamia* wold by no means be spoke with) to send a zealous farewell to the Inchantress by her, when behold *Lapida* was coming towards him, bearing a Box fast locked, and in her hand the key, who coming to the Champion with humble obeisance presented him with *Lamia's* last gift, using these or the like expressions:

Sir Knight, quoth she, for whose sake the woful *Lamia* wishes her self a beast
that

beast, that she might alwaies bear so rich a burden as thy self, although thy cruelty cannot be parallell'd, who rejectest a Lady, for whose sake Kings would kick their Crowns with the soles of their feet, yet she commits this Carker of treasure into thy custody, willing thee to preserve it as thou wouldst thy life, a written Schedule informs thee how to deal, & the Gods go with thee: *Zara* could not but stand amaz'd to finde such affection from her to whom he had manifested such obduracy; But as he was about to declar himself, *Lapida* had left him, and was already with her disconsolate Mistress: *Soto* could not refrain shedding of tears (his belly though wanting ears had the gift of prophesie, and predicted a scarcity, after so much fullness as he found in *Lamia's* Pavilion) no nor **Zara* himself, though he cunningly absconded his reluctancy by locking down his Beaver, the Champion thought it vain to attempt a future colloquie, and therefore kept his way, waited on with numberlesse humbers of formlesse imaginations.

* Some old Authors report that he wept bitterly.



CHAP. VI.

Zara having left his Love Lamia, meets with a Noble woman of No-land, she tells the story of Prince Emanfor (son of Paraclet and Maulkina) changed in his Cradle : The Counterfeit is exposed to the mercy of wild Beasts. Emanfor returns, and is known to his Parents. Duke La-Fool undertakes to prove the Princess Maulkina a Prostitute. Champions resort from all parts of the world, proffering their service to the Princess. Don Zara also resolves for her vindication.

HAVING thus quitted Lamia's Mansion, our Don kept the beaten Road, riding a very easie pace, vext with various cogitations, till he arrived upon a vast Plain, whose immensity gave him occasion to cast up his eyes to Heaven, to see if the Sun were not neer his Western Region, but finding he had many miles yet to travail, he resolved to pass that Plain and to Quarter in the next Quarry he met

* which he seldom did by reason of their soreness occasioned by a salt Rhume.

met with; as he was thus contemplating (turning himself about to speak to *Soto*) he might perceive a Lady of incomparable beauty, mounted on a white Steed, richly trapped (clad after the Amazonian manner, in her hand a shell fashioned like a Shield, whereon was most lively pourtrayed the figure of some illustrious Princess, she was attended by one onely Squire, his body short, his beard long, his face pale, and his hair red, these followed hard after the Champion, who imagined that *Lamia* might (perhaps) have repented of her morosity, and was now in pursuit of him, to give the other odd on-set (by way of storm) to his most impregnable resolve, and therefore he stood still expecting her approach, who was no sooner within Tongue-shot of him, but alighting from her Steed, whom she committed to the custody of her Squire, she made most humble and lowly obeysance to the Champion, who very courteously commanded *Soto* to raise her from the earth, for quoth he, I love not to see your soft Sex fall upon the knee, but the * back, or to hear ye supplicate

* Meaning
that he
would
back them
in all brunts

* A kind of Musical Instrument fashioned like a Reed, if it be skilfully plaid on, it puts to silence the brawlings of bitter wives and attenuates the friendship of the most fascinosous female.

* Here begins the story of Prince Paraclet, Maulkina, & Emanfor.

for any thing save a * Syringe: The Lady knew not well how to expound this language, onely she thought the Champion a very conceited Worthy, a jocular Heroe, a sportive Martialist; * Sir Knight, said she (whose looks, language, and gesture create strange thoughts within me) be pleased to know, that I am (I will not say the first) of those Ladies of Honour, who wait upon the high-born, illustrious, and refulgent *Maulkina*, Daughter to the high and mighty Prince *Paraclet*, Prince of *No-Land*, on the confines of whose Territories we now are, so it is that the Divine *Maulkina* having been a vowed Votaress to *Diana* (whose Priestess she was, and whose Oracles she exhibited) upon a night as she sat at the feet of the Image of that chaste Deity, Deaths elder-brother, Tyger-taming *Somnus* sealed up her eyes, when behold, *Jupiter* descended in the shape of a brave young Prince, and had the fruition of her body, to the filling of her belly, as saith the Adage, *with young bones*, so that she became altogether incapable of officiating in *Diana's Temple*, therefore exchanging the

the Church for the Court, after nine Moneths were expired, *Lucina* falling from Heaven (with her two Hand-Maids *Sarah Safety*, and *Joan Ease*) she made Prince *Paraclet* a Grandfire, to his little joy, when he perused the Infants person so monstrously misshapen, his fore-head flat, his eyes squinting, his nose hardly visible, his lips thick, yet flaggy, his chin resembling a Town-top with a brass nail at bottom, his bulk a very *Babel* of deformity, his legs borrowing their shape from a new bent Bow, and his feet displaying themselves very dreadfully; nor were his internal indowments incomparable with his shape, for (comming to years of discretion) his language and comportment proclaimed him rather the son of a Plasterer than a Prince, the sons of Noble men he would shun, to accompany the sons of Citizens and Car-men, nor could ever be brought to the knowledge of Letters by all the endeavours that could be used, to the extream grief of *Paraclet*, and the unspeakable torment of *Maulkina*, yea, to the general sorrow of the whole Realm, the

people whispering in corners, that this Incubus could not be the son of the great Jupiter, but rather the spurious seed of some Swabber; these wild reports brought Paraclet to his wits end, and not knowing how to extinguish this fire without scorching his fingers, he resorted to the Oracle at Del. bas, where after Celebration of the usuall Ceremonies) he received this Answer:

By subtle Goblins fraud,
The real Guild of Maud,
Was changed in the Cradle,
By * Tom, surnamed Ladle;
(Who is the master Elf,
And does what list himself)
But the true Son of Jove
About the world does rave,
(Not knowing of his Right)
Being call'd the Fairy Knight;
But by the Fates decree,
This Faery Prince you'l see,
(The lawfull Heir of mo Land) I
Within few dayes in No-Land,
When ere he haps to come,
You'l know him by his Thumb,

* See the
Book of
walking
Spirits,

Who

*Who with his Sword shall prove
Himself the Son of Jove.*

It were needless to recite with what astonishment Prince *Paraclet* (and all with him) received this Answer from *Apolo*, but hasting back to *No-Land*, *Paraclet* summoned his whole Nobility, who unanimously attending his pleasure, he declared unto them what the Oracle had spoken, demanding their speedy and serious advice, some counsell'd one thing, some another, but after much hesitation, they voted as one man, that this prodigious Changeling should be conveyed into some Wilderness, and there left to the acceptation of his Elvish parents, whose advice (though *Maulkina* sway'd with a groundless commiseration withstood it) was suddenly put in practice, and this *Perken Warbeck* being denuded of his greatness, resigned to the protection of those Goblins who gave him being; this action was diversly disputed on by the Vulgar, some applauding, some condemning, and all censuring; they were silenced by the arrivall of *Emanfor* * with 30. Squires,

* For it was
about the
Spring of
the year.

Squires, cloathed all in green-^a, who (by divine appointment) coming to Court, proffered his service to *Paraclet*, who beholding his well-built form and behaviour, but especially fixing his eyes on his fingers, perceived his right-hand Thumb to be 12. digits longer then any of his other fingers, wherefore assuring himself that this was he whom the Oracle hinted, his own flesh and blood, and son of *Jupiter* and *Maulkina*, * he embraced him in his arms, weeping over him as if he had been scourged with Scorpions; *Emanfor* was wondrously astonished at this uncouth entertainment, insomuch that for a long time he remained speechless, but a sober recollection having opened his organ pipes, he (on his knees) besought Prince *Paraclet* to inform him what motives prompted him to this enigmatical Reception of one who was utterly a stranger to him; *Paraclet* again folded him in his arms, & beckning to all about him, that stood at distance (marvelling at this strange inter-locution) he openly declared, that by the goodness of the Gods No-
Land

* Here was
that affection
indeed.

Land was now restored to its ancient Glory, this being the true and only Sonne of his Daughter *Maulkina*, and his undoubted Heyre; This he spake with a lowd voyce, and then again saluted his Grandchild, while all there gave a shōwt, which ecchoed in every corner of *No-land*, shrewdly shattering many Steeples and Structures: By this time the welcome News came to the knowledge of the Princeesse *Maulkina*, who came running swifter then a Roe to receive her long-lost Sonne into her bosom, the mutuall joy between *Emanfor* and his Mother cannot be exprest in words. I shall therefore give the Reader leave to think as he lists, onely I must not omit what a generall Joy was every where manifested by the multitude, who (like Loyall Subjects) were even drunk for Joy of their new Prince; * he that did not stagger as well as stammer was immediately knockt down for a Traytor; After this, the sweet *Emanfor* (according to the *No-Land* custome) took his Mother to wife,

* O the sweet and cordiall Loyalty that the Ancients manifested to their Princes, where shall we now find such fidelious fervency!

by whom he has two Sonnes and one Daughter named *Damcabel*, the miracle of perfection, lately married to a Noble Personage, named *DON FURBO-FALLACIO*, who in Honour of his beauteous Bride, has appointed a Solemn Joust or Tournament, to begin the Twelfth of this instant Moneth, having sent His Challenges to every corner of the Orbe, and bidding Defiance to any Prince, Champion, or Errant-Knight, that shall put his Lady (how exquisite soever) in competition with his brave Bed-fellow, whose shadow this is; This was no sooner bruited abroad, but *DON-LA-FOOLE* Lord of a Neighbouring Island, openly declared his dislike, crying up his own Lady as the sole Glory of her Sex, and the most meriting Madam in the World, and the more to make himself odious to all Noble Spirits, proffers to prove the *Princesse Mankina* a Prostitute by dint of Sword, having cheated the credulous World with a false Report, that *Emansor* was not begotten by *Jupiter*,
for

for this reason he has entertained a great number of Knights and Champions to be in readiness against the appointed day, so that Prince *Paraclet* and *Emanfor* have cause to guesse that he intends rather a bloody War, then a Wanton Tilt, and therefore they also have thought fit to strengthen themselves against the day that must decide this Quarrell for Beauty; and this (most Noble Knight) was occasion that commanded me abroad, to summon in all those Knights of worth, whom the Gods of No-Land should appoint me to encounter with not doubting of your chearfull assistance, when the most fair *Maulkina* and the Divine *Dowcabel* shall beg the ayd of your dead-doing arm,

The Celestiall Powers (quoth *Zara*) I perceive are Favourers of thy Prince and People, that thus opportunely thou hast met with him, who will scat *Paraclet* and *Emanfor* above fear or danger, and chastise the pride of that Duke LA-FOOL, else may *Kill-za-Cow* faile me in my greatest extremity, and *Founder-foot* make

make a Halt, when I am riding to the Redemption of some Imprisoned Kings; The substance of this refulgent Shaddow shall bear the Bell from all Ladies that ever yet had a being, or shall illuminate the Earth for the future: But how neer are we to Prince *Emansors* Court, or must we expect a tedious Travaile ere we gain the sight of his Glorious Palace: My Lord, said she, some two Leagues hence (in a direct line with your nose) you shall finde a Ship (in Safe Harbour) riding at Anchor in the *Ægean* Sea, owned by a Merchant of *No-Land*, who will think himself happifide in having the Honour to transport your selfe and *Soto* your Squire; it is but four houres Sayle (though I confesse those Seas are something dangerous,) from thence to *Zardonipola-Mancha*, the Metropolis of *No-Land*, where Prince *PARRACLET* and *EMANSOR* reside in their gorgeous Pavillions: My self (my Lord) must yet further by Land: Having said this, she took her

her leave in a most submissive manner, receiving a friendly Farewell from the CHAMPION, who now mended his pace towards the Ocean, for that he perceived *Cyntbina* began to hide his countenance.

End of the Second Book.



Don

THE FIRST
of the month of
January, 1800,
the first day of
the year, was
a fine day, and
the weather was
very pleasant.

THE SECOND
of the month of
January, 1800,
the second day of
the year, was
a fine day, and
the weather was
very pleasant.



Don Zara del Fogo :

The Third Book.

CHAP. I.

The Champion and Soto imbarque themselves for No-Land, being on Board, he opens the Casket that Lamia had sent by Lapida at his departure from Mount Mongibell, wherein he finds a Charmed Belt, together with an Epistle warning him of future events. A dreadful Tempest arising, himself and Soto are born from off the Deck above a Cables length; they are saved by a Sea-Horse, and cast upon an Iland inhabited by Fisher-men, where the Champion meets with a most strange Adventure.

*Under-foot and Soto were involv'd in sweat, ere the
F Champion could reach the
Egean Sea, but arriving
at the desired Bay, our
Knight complemented the Captain
K and*

* Meaning
as became a
Champion
& a Knight
Errant.

* Sentence
grave and
wise.

* The De-
scription of
a sad Sea-
storm.

and Master * very ventroufly, recei-
ving from them as reasonable a return,
they eat, drank, and discoursed toge-
ther, not like Aliens, but as having
confederate ~~Amities~~ ^{Amities} Alliance, and as if
Neptune & Aeolus had been our Cham-
pions Pensionaries, the wind on a
sudden decame tractable to their de-
sign, so that weighing Anchor, and
setting Sayle, they merrily set for-
ward for Zardo, a-pala-Mancha, the
Seas calm, the winds courteous, the
Seamen were singing, and the Passen-
gers priding themselves in their happy
fortune; but O! the fickleness of For-
tune, * whose blandishments are bruises,
and whose dallings are dangerous; for
they had not sayled many leagues in
Hyperion hid his face, * the Heavens
were muffled in Mists, Eurus and Be-
reas break from forth their prisons
bearing storms and tempests on their
wings to the (already) enraged Ocean,
nor Charls-Wain, nor the Lifford
Bear can be perused by the despairing
Pilot, the angry Sea rowles it self in
ridges as steep as the tall Pyramides
Cayr, the monstrous Leviathan open-
ing his mouth wider then Orinoco

watch

(watcht every opportunity) to swallow
the sinking Ship and its sorrowfull
inhabitants; nor could *Senius* or
Valmure know which way to drive
the distressed Vessel by the Rule of
the Rudder, while (alas) her whole
bulk groans, and her Beak and Main-
Mast crack; the Steers-man crying, a-
load, down with the Top-sayl, keep
the Spilt-sayl tight, hale the Main-
Bowling, while the crazed Bark, like
a Bear baited with Mastiffs, strives to
keep her Beak aloof, some billows she
breaks, others pass over her Poop
and Prow. *Don Quixote* was sitting in his Cabin,
in very serious contemplation; con-
sidering (as indeed he had cause) that
his Love *Lamia* had procured this
stormed purpose to plague him, this
remembrance of him of the
Casket that *Lapida* presented him
with when he left *Lamia*, hitherto not
thought on; which fatall over-sight
might (for ought any man knows)
have cost him his life, had not the ce-
lestiall Powers indulged their Dar-
ling with divine ayde; but now (as

* Two emi-
nent Steers-
men, who
guided Sir
Walter Ra-
leighs Ship
on the Ocea-
n, when he
was bound
for the dis-
covery of
the Silver
Mines.

to the present business all-too-late) he opens the Carkanet, wherein he found a hilt borrowed from the hide of a Buck, lined with Magicall Characters, and Metricall Incantations, promising safety to the Wearer, though invironed with Millions of Enemies, & thrust at with thousands of swords; Tradition tells us that this was the Cincture which the mighty Son of *Thetis*, swift-foot *Achilles*, used to wear, by virtue whereof he became invulnerable; this Girdle was given to *Vlysses* with *Achilles* Armour (for he had not slaughtered the Woerselse) he dying, lest it as an inestimable Legacy to his Son *Telemachus*, from whose custody the Inchantress *Lamia* ravisht it by the potency of her Spells; one of the most efficacious Charms that was embossed in this Belt; I poke thus in Hexameter Verses:

Oswald, Paradise, Tbulos,
Hugo, Hubert, Aribert,
Astragon, Hurgonill, Orgo,
Vlsmor, Geltha, Tybalt.

Thus

Thus Interpreted :

Ye mighty Dukes of Darknes,
let no wrong
Happen to him, who wears
this Charmed Thong.

With this protection there was also a Letter directed to the Champion in these words :

Heroick Champion,

THough your unkindnesses to me are of a more killing consequence, then that of *Thesens*, *Aeneas*, *Paris*, or *Ulysses*, to *Ariadne*, *Dido*, *Penone*, or *Circe*, for which your name (with theirs) should be hangd, drawn, and quartered, by the common Executioners Fame, yet so great is the love I yet retain towards you, that it not onely commands my forbearance from hurting you, but injoyns me to put your person (which shall be exposed to many hazzards) above the reach of danger; the Belt that this box incloses, if girt about you, will prove your protection better then a Coat

Coat of Male, or the most inpenetrable Armour; nor indeed can you be wounded while you wear this; but this gone, you are but the same *Zara* you were; My Art informs me that your Destiny shall decree you for *No-land*, appointing your passage through a turbulent Sea, but by no means imbarque your self for that Ship (Passengers and all) shall become a prey to the barbarous Element; when you arrive in *No-land*, many shall be your dangers, some shall fight you, some flout you, and others fawn upon you, but your Girdle shall give you victory over all your Enemies; Parting from thence, you shall visit many strange Countries, and see more Monsters then *Mandevile*, but at a certain time you shall find a winged Hog, grazing in a Green-plate, him seize upon (for he has been used to the snaffle) and make him yours, giving the Gods and me thanks, who have made you Master of one of the rarest Beasts in the world: Thus imploring you would not altogether forget her who shall alwaies remember you, I commit you to your Fate, *remaining the sorrowful Lamia.*

The Champion was exceedingly vexed at his own stupidity; that he had not read this Epistle before, and so prevented the present danger, but yet he would not seem to be amared: How was he smitten with astonishment at this unparallell'd affection of *Lamia*? how did he repent him of his sudden and sudden departure? By this time the Ship was shaken almost to pieces, Thunder rent the Air, the Sea roared hideously, the misshapen monsters of the Deep were congregated in great numbers, expecting a Feast of flesh and marrow, and the dying Vessel is even now ready to give up the Ghost, the unhappy Passengers preparing themselves to take the way of all Fish, yet the Champion views all these horrors unmoved, and while others are sighing, he and *Soto* were singing the * heavenly tune of *Walsingham*; By this time the Ship (having bin a long time sick of a Surfeit) being over-burthened; now, with what before supported her, becomes founder'd down-right, when, behold, while magnanimous *Zara*, and

There is much conversation
amongst the
possession of
place, some
will have
Walsingham
others Troy
Town, and a
third for the
Merchants
daughter of
Bristol.

his fearless *Soto* were standing on the Deck, threatening defiance to *Neptune*, and all the Marine Powers, a boisterous wave whirls them into the Sea above a Cables length.

O *Neptune*, *Saron*, and all ye watry Deities, what now shall become of our Sea-Champion, shall the Sword-fish wound him, the Dog-fish bite him, or the Whale devour him.

Behold what care the righteous Gods took for the preservation of virtue; our Champion and *Soto* had not long brushed the azure billows with their active arms, * but a huge *Hyppocamp* (or Sea-Horse) gliding gently between the Champions legs, received him upon his back, to his no less joy then admiration, who beckned *Soto* to get up behind him, when (alas) the poor Squire was almost out of breath, and now and then drank deep draughts of salt water, which he puked up agen; * as I have seen a swollen Babe eject the new received pap, forced back agen by the thrifty Nurse, till at last it bulge the belly of the Infant; this was *Soto's* favoury, or rather unfavoury condition, yet sum-

mon-

* Don Zara preserved by miracle, but the truth is the Sea-horses were ever very courteous to mankind. See Pliny, Solinus, Albertus Magnus, and the Spanish Map devils.

* Simile of a new yeand Babe.

moning all his strength (as a dying Candle, that contracts its ardour to make one parting blaze) he cut his passage through the swelling surges, with so vigorous a resolve, that though he attained not the crupper, he had sure hold of the taylor of this courteous creature; by this miraculous indulgency of Fate, our *Zara* and his Servitor were set safe on shoar the Sea-Horse (not staying so much as for thanks) having delivered his charge safe and sound to *Rhea*, plunged himself into the lap of *Thetis*, leaving our Champion in the most insupportable extasie, who scarce could believe (what his eyes beheld) the wonder of his deliverance.

They were now in a Rocky Island, here and there a Tree, and (in some places) neer the Rocks, good store of *grasse*, here they feared as much to be famished as before to be drowned; yet (by the favour of *Mavors*) our Champion had his good Sword girt to his voluminous waste; nay more, his Charmed Girdle, Casket, and all safe lodged in his pocket; *Soto* had on his Breast-plate and Helmet, and his steel-

* But withall
very survey.
see Dr. Trigs
Treatise of
purging Alc-

steel-pointed piece of Ash, fast in his fist, which instrument of defence he had such care of all the time he was sowced in the salt Ocean, that (as Cassar swimming with one hand, and with the other preserving his Papers from pickle) he still kept it above water; but the loss of *Founder-foot* unspeakably grieved our Champion, so that he hardly refrained from tears.

Zara's complaint for the loss of his Steed.

* Ah *Founder-foot*, *Founder-foot*, said he, have these hands of mine so often fed thee at Rack and Manger, with Oats, Grains, Beans and Barley for this, to fatten the ravenous Fishes of the Sea, and have thy hide cut out into more Thongs then the skin of *Dodas Bull*, to make Harness for *Nep-tunes Coach-Mares*; Farewell the glory of thy kind, thou Sovereign of Steeds, Prince of Palfrays, and honestest of all Horses:

* *Founder-foot's Elogie.*

* *Whose name shall live*
free from all black reproaches,
While there are minding *Jades*,
or *Hackney-Coaches*.

Some bore a part in his Masters sorrow, for the losse of *Founder-foot*, though his grief had a very different originall from that of *Zara's*, for he (grown a perfect *Thracian*) wish him there rather to feed on, then ride on, and indeed his Sea-sickness made an Apology for the eagerness of his appetite, all know what a civill war the mimbbling of the vessell creates in the small guts, and that those who have not been inur'd to Hoyer and Halks, are very hainously harraessed the first time of their gaze upon the garulous Ocean. Long time they travailed up and down in hope to finde some shed of shelter, but Fortune was not so favourable to further their wishes, so that when and weary as they were (their yarkasses curdled with cold, and their wombs repleat with water) they sat down at the root of a blasted Oak, wishing for immediate death, rather then a lingring destruction: Being thus reduced to the very brink of despair, and every minute in expectation to become a prey to some ravenous Wolf, or blood-thirsty Tyger, they might hear the showtings
(as

(as they thought) of Shepheards, but indeed Fishermen, who had even then surprized something (stiled by them a Fish) of weighty importance, so that they were forced to summon in the adjacent Fish-takers, with whoopings and hallowings, who understanding the occasion of their clamour, soon incorporated themselves with them; no tongue can tell, or Pen propose, how much the ship-wracked ZARA, and his sorrowfull Servitor, were joyced at these ecchoings, and therefore they rose up, and (as near as they could guess) trod that path that might lead them to the place where they heard these noyses; so much were they favored by Fate, that in a short time (as if they had taken notice of the track for many Ages) they arrived where they found not onely Mortals but Mansions, Fabricks as well as Fishermen, to their infinite contentment they saw the Fish-finders corroborated in one lump, clubbing all their nets and strength to boot, to make themselves Masters of some unwanted prize, some crying out they had caught a Whale, others that they had

had fastned upon some Chest stuffed with Treasure ; others , that they should make some strange discovery, to the wonder of the world ; *Zara* and *Soto* stood as spectators all the time , while by main strength and Herculean Fortitude they brought to shoar what they had so long laboured for, but (to their astonishment) instead of Fish, were saluted with flesh;

Behold, a *Panoplia*, a Coat of Armour richly gilded, with a Shield, and a stately Steed (of a Chestnut colour, his Main curiously curled, a blue Star in his fore-head, a fair white spot upon either foot, &c.) and other Martiall Utensils; the Sea-Swaines were as much grieved, as our Champion comforted, to peruse their Draught, insomuch that they were minded to return their gains to him that gave them, had not *Zara* stepped in, and (after the Narration of his late Ship-wrack) besought them to confer the Horse and Armour upon him, they all heard him attentively, and as freely answered his demands, departing every man to his Cottage.

O strange and never equal'd accident, that as *Zara* surprised all knights in the world for courage & true Magnanimity, so he might be furnished with Warlike Habilliments, as never any worthy save himself was.

The

The dusky shades of night
 now enveloped the world, and ZARA
 (by the suffrage of one of the Fish-
 men *Piscatorio*) was conducted (with
 his new acquired Courser, and was
 like Furniture) into a soddie-Cot
 where he was kindly received by *Pis-
 catorio's* wife, and set to supper with
 a Gods head, and a Salmons rattle
 whereon he and *Soto* fed like Farmers
 nor was drink wanting (a kind
 Sider * made of Alder-Berries and
 Wildings) whereof (having cured
 their Garments of the Dropsey) they
 drank merrily, till the time of night
 warned them to their rest, they then
 fore came to their lodging of reed
 Rye-straw, with Battavian Blankets
 where we will leave them to their
 Repose.

* This must
 needs be a
 comfortable
 kind of drink

How this
 is to be
 made
 is not
 known
 but it
 is said
 to be
 a very
 good
 drink
 for
 the
 stomach
 and
 for
 the
 liver

CHAP. 10
 The next day
 they set out
 for the
 city of
 Zara
 and
 arrived
 there
 in the
 evening
 and
 were
 received
 by
 the
 Mayor
 and
 the
 Council
 and
 were
 lodged
 in
 the
 best
 inn
 in
 the
 city

The

CHAP. II.

Zara arrives at Zardona-pola-Man-
chu, the chief City of No-Land, the Re-
sidence of the No-Landers. Zara comes
to Court, and joyns himself with the rest of
the Knights and Champions; they pre-
sent their Swords, Shields, &c. at the
feet of Maulkina and Dowcabele their
exquisite Impress'ds and Devices. Zara's
Motto more taken notice of then any:
With other accidents.

THE cheerfull Cock had thrice gi-
ven notice of *Aurora's* approach,
when the Champion (rowing Solo
from his rest) appareled himself with
exceeding cheerfulness, being now as-
sured that the Destinies did own his
resolves by a peculiar approbation, ha-
ving so miraculously provided him a
case for his skin, with a horse seeming
of the Bucephallan breed, he longed
to see himself once more in Armour,
and to manage his proud Palfray, as
none but Zara could do; Solo was
soon

soon ready, and the honest Fisherman also, who (burthening his board with the best Provant his Cottage could afford, and the Champion and Soto having fed as men doubting a future repast) took his leave of the Champion, being exceeding joyous, that it was his fortune to be one of those whom Fate had ordained as a consolatory Instrument for the furthering of so noble a Nephew of *Mars*; Our Knight (having received instructions from his courteous Host, which way to betake himself) mounted Soto behind him, to make his way with the more celerity, not ceasing to hasten his horses pace til he beheld the great City *Zardona-pola-Mancha*, the Metropolis of *No-Land*, whose argent Spire being beaten upon by the Sun-beams, rendred a most fulgent delight to the gazer; In this City there were no less than * nine hundred thousand Churches, the *No-lands* worshipped a God they called, in their language *Poro*, the reason that they not onely abstained from Swines flesh, but by publick Edict made it death for any to kill those kind of creatures, imbracing the Society

* By this way
be gathered
the number-
less number
of Inhabi-
tants, up-risers
and down-ly-
ers in this
mighty City,

Society of *Scots* and *Jewes* with the highest regard; *Zara* who had never yet resided in so populous a place, was on the sudden surprized with (I know not what) anxiety, so that * he sat a long time on his horse back in a profound study, but perceiving *Soto* (who was just now restored to his feet) to eye him with a very strict regard, he rode on, and came to the very Gates of the City, whose streets he found paved with *Aggats*, the houses twelve stories high, all of *Alabaster*, and every shop-keeper clad in *Persian Silks*, their wives in cloth of Gold, whose bodies were even burthened with precious Stones; the Citizens ran out in heaps to gape upon this strange Knight, so that if the Champion had not had a brow more solid than *Brass*, he had been brought to ruine by very bashfulness; it was not long ere he attained the sight of the Palace built of *Parian Flint*, and *Podian Free-stone*, with such admirable Art, that it was justly accounted the eighth wonder of the World; its inside was all of *Ophyr Gold*, the Beds, Stools, and Dresser-boards of *Ivory*;

L

on

* Caution mixt with courage caused this Dilemma, our Champion being as wise as valiant.

on the top of the Palace (after the old Roman manner) were many rare gardens, watered with Chryftalline Rivulets, wonderfull to behold : The very day that our Champion visited the Court, were all those Knights that were met together on the behalf of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* (whose history we lately gave you) assembled in the Palace-yard, a place of that magnitude, that *Xerxes* might there have mustered his Army ; Prince *Paraclet*, *Ewanfor*, the Princeffes *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with all the prime Nobles and Ladies of the Court. in their richest Adornments, sat in a Theater contrived on purpose for this business, beneath Canopies of state, the walls of the Theater being hung with Velvet, enamelled with Gold, whereon were curiously pourtrayed many ancient stories, the Expedition of the *Argonauts* for the Golden sheepe, the Labours of *Hercules*, *Deucalions* Flood, the Destruction of *Troy*, *Medea* and *Jason*, with * the Loves of *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, the Knights were all on foot (which caused our Champion also to alight, giving his Steed to

* Or *Hero*
and *Leander*

(*Soto*)

Soto) their Squires (who were all clad in Crimson Taffaty) holding their Steeds in one hand, and their Shields in the other; each Champion had his Sword girded about him, with his Spear in his hand, as prepared for present encounter, *Zara* not excepted; which solemnity being ended, they one after another presented their Swords, Spears, and Shields, at the feet of divine *Maulkina* and the beautiful *Dowcabell*; the first was a Knight of *Pbrigia*, whose Device (ingraven on his Shield) was a Dog biting his Fleas, very busily, with this Motto:

*There is no trust
unto the Winds or Seas,
Those that lye down with Dogs,
shall rise with Fleas.*

The Knight
of the Dog.

The next was a Knight of *Transylvania*, the son of a great Duke named *Sharkino*, his Device was a Lion Rampant, but without Teeth or Nayls, with this Motto:

*The Kingly Lyons Teeth
have left his jawes,*

The Knight
of the tooth
less Lion,

DON ZARA Book. 3
*His voyce can kill,
 though wanting teeth or claws.*

The third was a Knight of *Malta*, a man very eminent for his valour against *Ottaman*, his Device was a Jack Pudding dancing on the Ropes, with this Motto :

The Knight
 of the Pudding.

*He who dares wear a face
 that bites like Mustard,
 He maul, as Pudding
 macerates his Custard.*

The fourth was a Knight of *Sardinia*, of an excellent form, insomuch that *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* had their eyes continually fixed upon him, his Device was a *Jack-an-Apes*, playing upon a Jews-trump, with this Motto:

The Knight
 of the
 Jackanapes.

*Play on melodiously
 (magnifick Jack)
 Untill my Sword shall win
 thee Nuts to crack.*

The fifth was a Shentleman of *Wales*, *Ap Shon*, *ap Owen*, *ap Richard*, *ap Morgan*, *ap Hugh*, *ap Brutus*, *ap Sylvius*, *ap Aeneas*, his Device was a large Cheefe
 the

slit asunder in the midst, toasting before a fire of Turt, with this Motto :

*If her ploud be up
twice and ones,*

*Take very many heeds
to hide her pones ;*

Merlin her Country-man,

Witness for her can ;

God plesse her, none in

Heurope can appease,

Her anger's like a piece

of toasted Cheese.

The Knight
of the tosted
Cheese.

The sixth was a Knight of Muscovia, a big man, but of a very Masculine Aspect; this was he that stole away the Infanta of Spain in a Moonshine night, mangre all her Guards, and married her to his son Lurdanio, his Device was a Civet-Cat disburthening her self *a posteriore* into the Helmet of a Knight in shining Armour, who held forth his Head-piece very handsomly, his Motto :

True type of her,

whose breath's persum'd I find,

Whether she vent it

forward or behind.

The Knight
of the Civet
Cat.

Then

Then came *Zara* (for it would be tedious to relate all) with a Majestick pace, and was received by *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with a lowd laughter, a favour they had not yet afforded to any save himself, his Device was an Owl in an Ivie-Bush, with this Motto:

*Ravens and Daws in troops put on,
But Owls and Eagles flye alone,
My Shield, Horse, Armor, Helm & Sword,
Are own'd by Pallas and her Bird.*

The Knight
of the Owl
in an Ivie-
Bush,

This Device was much laught at by some of the Noble-men and Ladies, and derided by the Knights of little knowledg, which our Champion wel enough perceived, and wisely winked at, though within himself he vowed a sudden and sharp revenge; but the truth is, our *Don* (being utterly a stranger to Letters) was wholly ignorant of the matter, else no doubt his sagacitie had sought out some other Emblem more suitable to his own serenity, and yet this (seemig) despicable Badge will not want a second owner, which shall occasion the most dreadfull Duell that has bin fought since

since the Creation, as the Process of the History will inform : This Solemnity over, the Knights were admitted to lay their lips to the Lilly hands of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabel*, and after the thanks of *Paraclet* and *Emanfor*, were conducted to a stately Pavillion, being feasted after the most sumptuous manner ; then they fell to Dancing, but *Zara* excused himself from that Imployment, as an effeminacy he never affected, who had rather fight than frisk, but for owning and celebrating *Healds* he was not inferiour to any, till the intoxicating fumes so buffeted his brains, that he was forced to disgorge himself even at the Table, which some queazie appetites were angry at, but the stronger sort of constitutions bore withall, as a thing incident to toistering Mortality ; And that nothing might be wanting to an accomplished Entertainment, a Masque was this night presented in the Royall Theater.

A splended, pompeous, & delightful Show,
(*Som say*) by Johnson, Jones, or Inigo.



CHAP. III.

The presentation of a never-equal'd Masque, Don Pantalone (resolving to Quarrell Zara) implores Don La-Fisk to bear his Challenge, &c.

PRince Paraclet and Emanfor, the Heaven-born Maulkina and divine Dowcabell, with all the Nobles and Madams of the Court, being seated each according to their degree; the Knights Errant were also placed according to their severall Gradations, and the Musick having charmed their senses with a Celestiall Dyrathamb, they were presented with a curious Contrivance, called

Venus



Venus and Adonis. :

A Masque.

The Frontispiece was a thick-grown Wood, repleat with Lions, Tygers, Bears, Antilopes, Panthers, and other Beasts of prey; *Sylvanus*, *Priapus*, *Pan*, and other Wood-Gods, cracking of Nuts, and eating of Apples, while the following Song was sung to the Tabor.

S O N G.

[*sway,*

Hail happy Powers, whose harmlesse
All the Sylvans do obey;
Had those above fed like to you,
(On Acorns and on Rain-bow Dew)
When the World lay in its Cradle,
And there was no fiddle faddle,

Saturn

Saturn had still kept his Throne,
 And not been outed by his Son;
 'Tis head-strong Wine,
 And Manchet fine,
 That irritates
 Ambitious pates;

Pan never quarrels with Sylvanus,
 (For every Wood-god worships Janus)
 The beauteous Nymphs are all in common,
 None's the better Gentlewoman;
 With a baneless love they greet,
 Horns, and nays, and cloven-feet.

CHORUS.

Then unto the Woods let's wander,
 To find out Hero and Leander.

This Song ended, twelve Nymphs,
 and as many Satyrs cast themselves in-
 to a figure for the Dance; which done,
 the Wood-gods, with the Nymphs
 and Satyrs withdraw, and the God-
 dess Venus with her Son Cupid, and
 her Hand-Maids the Graces are dis-
 covered.

VENUS.

Nay, by my Altars that are reaking,
 And those Lovers that are sneaking,
 Homeward after full enjoyment,
 Either accept of this employment,

(Fro-

(Froward Boy) or else Ile strip thee,
 And with Rods of Roses whip thee;
 I have often (to my sorrow)
 Felt the Launcings of thy Arrow,
Jove and *Juno*, *Hermes*, *Hebe*,
Mavors, *Bacchus*, yea and *Phebe*,
 With the God that guides the Surges,
 (Riding like a Belgick Burges)
 Will rejoyce (like to inferiors)
 While I plow up thy Posteriors,
 Take away his Bow and Darts,
 While I scourge him till a' smarts.
 Bare his breech. *Thalia* —

CUPID. -- had I

Tane the counsell of my Daddy
 (Whom you cuckold every hour)
 By this I might have scorn'd your po-
 Cannot *Mars* his steely chine, [wer.
 (Who has almost lost his eyne
 With over-doing) nor *Anchyses*,
 With his Piltrums and his Spices,
 (To heighten Appetite) nor *Peleus*
 Sate your conduct to *Cornelius*;
 But *Adonis* must be brought on,
 To a thing he never thought on.

VENUS.

Impious Elf (*Aeneas* broher) [ther,
 What's that to thee who rides thy Mo-
 Horse him *Thalia*. --

Thalia

THALIA--Spare, O spare
(Great Goddess) this thy son & Heyr,
Lest on a Clown he make me doat-a,
I dare not touch his filken Coat-a.

VENUS.

Do't, if thou despise thy duty,
I'll make thee fetch a Box of Beauty,
From the bottom of black Hell,
As *Psyche* did (as stories tell.)

Here the Graces cease upon Cupid, and prepare him for the last.

CUPID.

Hold, (sweet Honey-Mother) hold,
I confess I've been too bold,
If I live but till to morrow,
(As Gods can't die) I'll send an Arrow
Into *Adonis* Marble brest,
Headed with a Hornets nest.

VENUS.

On this condition take thy ramble,
To make the wombs of Ladies wamble,
But fail not as thou lov'st my smile,
Now I'll take Coach for *Cyprus* Ile.

Venus, Cupid, and the Graces being gone, Adonis (like a Huntsman) is seen with his setting Dog.

ADONIS.

Come my *Canicudo* (sweet Cur)
In thy throat thou hast a bur

I fear, thy voyce was went to ring,
 With redoubled ecchoing;
 "Strange thing, when Dogs forget
 their tones,
 "And Letchers leave their Marrow-
 bones
 "Unbroken, in this shady Wood,
 (Where shaggy Satyrs use to scud)
 I reign sole Monarch of content,
 And ne'r think what my father spent,
 To get and breed me; Pox a' wooing,
 'Tis fulsom to be alwayes doing;
 My life is strict, and right Laconick,
 That love is best that is Platonick:
 To hunt the swift-foot Stag, & follow
 The furious Bear wth whoop & hollow
 Is my best delight, — So--ho,
 Follow me *Caniculo*.

CUPID.

Thanks *Jove*, see, where all alone is,
 My Mothers misery *Adonis*,
 But I'll mollifie his mind,
 "They are fools that think me blind;
 Have at thee *Adon*-*—so, 'tis done,
 Breech, thy preservation
 Is sign'd and seal'd; now must I go,
 To wound a wanton Ladies toe.

* Here the
 Bow-string
 cry d twang

*Adonis being wounded, Cupid goes
 off, leaving him to his Love passion.*

ADONIS.

Ye Gods that govern Man and Mouse
The King, the Duke, the Lord, the louse
What an uncouth change is here,
I am in love up to the ear,

* The deadly
rage of love.

* So that I could court (me-thinks)
A wench that wants a nose, & blinks,
Were she splay-footed, gummy-ey'd,
With all deformities beside
That can be mention'd; all too long
I have done beauteous *Venus* wrong;
Great God of Love to thee I bow,
"Thou art a devillish Rogue I vow;
Fire, fire, I burn, I burn,
And shortly shall to cinders turn,
Unless some courteous femall fall,
Beneath the Parent of all.

VENUS.

How now, my dear *Adonis*, what?
With thy self in busie chat?
When, when O when shall *Venus* find,
The flinty-soul'd *Adonis* kind.

ADONIS.

Squeeze me like to Milky Curds,
Drain all my sappy bulk affords,
Let me dwell upon your * Spot,
You shall find me cold and hot;
But must not fail in Retribution,
When you find my constitution.

* Venus is
much praised
by Ancient
Poets for her
Mole, &c.

VENUS.

VENUS.

Come then (my Paramour) let's sally
To my Rosie Bower, and dally,
Till our kexey joynts complain,
Then we will take breath again.

*Venus and Adonis being
gone, the wild Boar, who
(according to Theocritus)
was deeply in love with A-
donis, is seen.*

BOAR.

I must enjoy thee (upon any score)
Adonis, or else cease to be a Boar;
I that despise the Javelin & the Spear,
Whose murdering Tusks the sternest
Mortalls fear,
Do stoop unto a stripling, had I thee
Within my power, thou fightles Deiry
I'd crumble thee to attoms, & devour
Thy laughing Mother in her flowery
Bower.
Mast will not down, I loath my won-
ted Food,
The unseen flame does set on fire my
blood,
Licks up my moysture, and so loud I
grunt,
My voice is heard hence to the He-
lephant.

ADONIS.

ADONIS.

Tw'as long (*Alcides*) e'r thy back was
right,

Having mounted fifty Virgins in one
night.

Voracious *Venus* (void of ruth)
Has had no mercy on my youth.

BOAR.

Beauteous *Adonis*, hark ; how long in
vain,

Unto thy seal'd up ear shall I com-
plain,

Thy scorn will kill me ; Nature can-
not save

His life, whom Love shall lead unto
the Grave.

O pittty my perplexity, though rude
In form, my heart is full of gratitude,

My mind's as smooth as pibble,
though my hide

Be rough, & I have other gifts beside,
May sign my Patent for a Ladies clip,

Though I confess my hair will hurt
her lip :

What ere this Wood affords shall call
thee Lord,

So thou wilt deign but love for love
t'afford.

ADONIS.

Hence bristled Monster, canst thou hope
My love, I'll first imbrace a Rope,
And on some fatall Yeugh resign
My life, foul Monster, filthy Swine;
I will procure a *Guy of Warwick*,
Though I explore from hence to *Bar-*
wick

(If thou desist not) that shall wear,
Thy head upon his charmed Spear.

BOAR.

Nay, then tis time to cast of al remorse
For when intreaties fail, to practice
force,

Is Orthodox *Adonis*, by the Gods,
And their celestiaall ever-blest abodes,
I must enjoy thee.——

Here the Boar endeavouring to express love to Adonis, wounds his tender skin with his Tusk, which kills him.

ADONIS.—— O I'm slain,
This bawdy Boar hath wrought my
bane.

BOAR.

Out alas, what have I done?

He is dead as sure as Gun,

M

Fain

Faln like some Poplar (in his pride)
 Planted by a Rivers side,
 Wounded by a Pelean Ax,
 In Heaven now a Paralax.
 O, O, ye infernall Juries,
Rhamnusia, & ye Snake-hair'd Furies,

The Boar is in an extreme Agony.

* Horror of
 conscience.

Ye Harpies, Hags and Gorgons fell,
 * Methinks I'm hurrying now to hell,
 Witness ye Powers above, that I
 Was not murderous willingly,
 I would have hug'd him, but mistook,
 And therefore (sure) may have my book
 Where shall I bath this vexed body,
 Tormented to a Hoddy-Doddy?
 Within some gloomy Cave I'll pine,
 And never drink, nor never dine,
 Till I look like salt and piss,
 And *Hermes* summon me to Dis.

VENUS.

—— with the Graces.

VENUS.

Here he was wont to go, and here
Tellus being proud to bear
 So rich a burthen, -- O my heart,
 When with *Adonis* I did part:
 Just such a sigh I fetcht in sooth-las.
 I hope *Jove* will protect the youth-l

From

from scathe; sad thoughts do clog my soul,
Which like to *Neptunes* waves do roul
And ride on one anothers backs,
My nether parts do melt like Wax,
or Butter in a Basting-ladle.
What do I see, -- do my eyes dazzle?
Or is *Adonis* drown'd in gore?
O Fortune thou most damned whore,
What hast thou done? lift heaven hier
Good Gaffer *Atlas*, that my fire
Of rage may have ful vent; no stone is
More cold then my (once dear) *Adonis*,
His Nerve that wont to heave & stand
Stiff as a stake at my command,
Now droops and hangs the head, his wounds
Do yawn like chapt & parched grounds.
What Monster more then fel with fang
Of ruine, would destroy so young,
So fair, so smooth, so deft a Lad,
Of whom such comfort *Venus* had.
O I am wild with rage; thy bulk
(Dear boy) in a rich Urn shall skulk,
Wish rich perfums, & whit-bred crums
Rich Odours, and Sabeian Gums.
Take up the precious load my Graces
But ware he pifs not in your faces;
For so (some say) dead people do,
This fatall WilderNESS shall rue

The Gods
deities falls
upon the
dead body
of *Adonis*.

Thy ruine *Adon*, Tempests shall,
 Tear up the Oaks, the Elms, the small,
 The great, the fruitful, and the barren,
 With a Horf-pox and a Murren.
Lead on & weep till ye are blind, the while
We seat Adonis on his Funerall Pile.

Venus and the Graces (carrying the
 dead *Adonis*) being gone off, Tempests
 and storms destroy the Wood, and no-
 thing appears but a thick Stage, and
 a thin-jaw'd Poet, who thus Epi-
 loguizes.

EPILOGUE.

Thus have you seen Adonis dreary Fate,
The Boars ill luck, & Venus wretched state
Masques are no common things, specially such
As this, that leans upon no staff or crutch;
The Poet stands within biting his nays,
Sometimes his hope, sometimes his fear pre-
vails:

Trot he's a pretty man, and comes as neer
Tom Nabs (whose Microcosmos has no
Peer)

* A Mock
 Masque in-
 tended for
 the Press.

As any he alive; If this don't like ye,
Next time Cupido comes, & Madam Psyche.
 This

This Masque (as how could it chuse) found a generall applause, not so much as one crittick in so great a crowd; but by this time half the night was spent, so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanfor*, *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, betook themselves to their rest, whose example the Courtiers of both sexes followed, onely the Knights (*Zara* excepted) resorting to the place place where they had supped some hours before, resolve to salute *Somnus* with a bowl of *Bacchus* his blood, drinking so deep, that ye would have thought every man there Master of more * Amethists then one, so that the place where they were, seemed the very Bower where the blyth Delphick God tipples Sack, and keeps his *Bacchanalias*; but while they were quaffing, *Zara* was sleeping, but he little imagins what plots are even now (at this ominous hour of night) contriving against him, for the Knights Errant being now (in their own conceits) discreeter then *Socrates* or *Solon*, and valianter then *Achilles* or *Alexander* the Great, began every man to

* A kind of stinking pib. ble found in the Desarts of Devon shire, which whosoever shall butter and bury in his belly in a morning fasting, shall be sure to shinn drunkennes that day.

pride himself in his own praise, and to enumerate the many Combats and perillous Atchievements they had bin guilty of; this man having vanquished the Knight of the Moon, and Seven Stars, who had nine fingers upon each hand, was six yards in height, and was thought able to rout a Royall Army; this having taken in that Cittadell, maugre the opposition of a thousand men; a third having rescued the *Persian* Sophy, when surrounded with twelve millions of *Turks*, who were leading him captive to *Constantinople*; these vapours dissipated, they began to discourse every man of his Horse, Armour, and Shield, &c. each maintaining his own for the most Authentick: This discourse put 'um in mind of our Champion *Don Zara*, whom every one censured as he listed, onely the Knight of the P U D D I N G (for so was *Don Pantalone* the Knight of *Malta* called, because of the *Jack-Pudding* in his Shield) was most vehement, who articted against him as a man both insipid and incapacious as to Military Atchievements; this was the Knight whose Horse, Armour, Shield,

Shield, &c. was made *Zara's* by miracle, being (by an unparalell'd providence) drag'd to shoar by Fishermen; and by them conferr'd on our Champion, as the first Chapter of this Book has inform'd; for *Don Pantalone* (being bound for *No-land*) was shipwrackt on those very Seas where our Champion was cufft over-board, and was the onely mortall except a *Spartane Spaniell*) that escaped the danger (as it seems) by the agility of his arms, and now this most dangerous and degenerate Knight (envying the boon of Heaven) would recover those Emoluments by force, which (no doubt) were worthily torn from him by the fraud of Fate, openly owning the Horse, Armour, and Shield, and execrably protesting that he would be Master of them within forty hours, or leave his dead body as a witnesse of his Devoyre; this Resolve was highly praised by some, and as much cryed down by others; but *Pantalone* was too proud to hearken to dehortments, and therefore (betwixt drunk and sober) he wrote a Challenge,

lenge, desiring the Knight of the Ape
(for so was *Dan-La-Fisk* the Knight
of *Sardinia* called, because of the
Ape playing on a Jewes-Trump in
his Shield) to carry it about * eight
in the morning to our Champion
Don Zara; This done, (being scarce
able to tipple any longer) the
Knights adjourned their House for
some hours.

* The time
that all
Challenges
ought to be
carried, or
not at all.
See the Or-
dinance con-
cerning Du-
ells.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Don Zara first appears in the Lifts, where Don-la-Fisk presents him with Pantalones Challenge; His stern reply. Duke-la-Fool with two thousand armed Knights enters the Lifts, and is totally routed by Zara. He is deeply enamoured on the Lady Madona-del-Simplicia, to whom he directs an Epistle, &c.

THE Sun had no sooner seated himself in his flaming Throne, but the Heraulds (by sound of Trumpet) warned the Knights Errant to meet in the Palace-yard, there to betake themselves to the businesse of the day, but those intoxicating fumes that usually attend ebriety, had so sealed up their senses, that you would have thought Knight Errantry both dead and buried, had not the truly valiant and most redoubted DON ZARA DEL FOGO appeared (with SOTO) compleatly Armed, mounted

mounted on his courageous Courser, whom he called after the name of his late lost Palfray, *Founder-foot*, and brandishing his bright weapon (like another *Aetorides*) he seemed to denounce Defiance to all under the Cope; nor, indeed, was he overconfident of his Abilities, though having had but little experience hitherto of his own Fortitude; for by instinct (as it were) he on the sudden became sensible of the wondrous vigour absconded in the mysterious folds of his Charmed Belt, which (as by a providence unthought of, or unseen) could protect him from the edge of ravenous steel, though Tilted at him by the same * man that tore off *Achelous* his horn, and (being in a rage) threw it into *Troy-novant*, where being taken up (as if it had been sent from Heaven) it became the * City badge, though (I know not for what cause) it be not quartered with their Arms; he had not long travers'd the lists, but the Knight of the Ape, *Don la Fisk*, on foot, onely with his *Battle-Ax* and *bastinado*, saluted him, proposing a written paper unto him, which

* See *Mythogogus Poeticus*, or the *Muses Interpreter*, fol. 20000.

* *Cornucopia*

which put our Champion into much perplexity, not that he dreaded a Challenge from the most approved Knight in the World, but lest he should be lyable to the castigation of the censorious, as one not acquainted with Alphabeticall Tables; but his ingenuity (by a most apt contrivance) prevented the murder of his Fame, for (as despising so triviall an imployment) he called for *Soto* with as much indignation as haste, who came tremblingly to receive the mandates of his Master; the Champion gave him a check for his non-residency, but yet with so calm a countenance, that he might behold him without blasting: Here, quoth *Zara*, read the contents of this Paper, which done, fold it up for Bum-fodder; *Soto* receiving the Scrole, found it fraught with this very language:

SYRRAH,

Though I cannot prove how, or where The Chal-
lence. thou attainedst those glorious Arms, that Achillean Shield, and that strong Steed, yet I will make it good on thy Carrion Corse, that thou camest Felloniously by them;

them; they are mine, and as mine I demand their speedy surrender, as thou wouldst escape being beaten, abominably beaten; I will not vaile on ye, but I will Cudgell and kick ye most Heroick Champion; therefore (if thou beest wise) speedily un-case and dismount thy self, sending my Horse, Armour, and Shield, else expect no mercy, from

DON PANTALONE.

* Zara's Indignation,
havin^r heard
Pantalones
Defiance.

- Soto was so amazed with the terrible tenor of this Epistle, that he could scarce prolong his breath to pronounce his name that thus menaced his Master; but from Zara's eyes you might perceive flashes of subtil lightning, incessantly streaming, * his face was strangely altered, Death sat upon his front in a new shape, more dreadful then ever Painter yet fancied him, so that Don-la-Fisk (a man otherwise stout enough) was lost to his wonted courage, and began to repent him of his ready undertaking so mortall a Message, to whom after a bite of the lip, and a little pause, our Champion returned this Answer.

I Know not, said he, whether my Clemency would be greater in sparing, or my justice in sacrificing thy life (lost man) who hast had the boldness to present me with this putrid Paper, from him whose limbs shall shortly feast the Fowls of the Ayr; did ever so voluminous a vaunt find foundation on so vain a confidence? What is this fellow? or from whence? But No-land shall not shelter him from my vengeance, were he Wall'd in with Dragons, and arm'd with the same Thunder that Jove is; as for you, though you have justly merited the weight of my anger, yet I will adjourn your Fate, for no other reason, but that you return my Answer to the Slave that sent you.

Having uttered this (in a tone that sufficiently manifested the mightiness of his wrath) he put spurs to his horse galloping up and down the Lists with such fury, that the ground groaned under his Horses hoofs, when behold Don Pantalone (as eager of Combat as himself) rode up to him with the highest Valour and Resolution, charging

charging him with his drawn Sword;
 Our Champion (who would fain
 have been fighting with any man) i-
 magined that this was he who had
 so grossly abused him, and had there
 put a period to his life, had not *Duke*
La-Foole with two thousand armed
 Knights just then entred the Lists;
Duke-la-Foole was armed much like
 that haughty Pagan King *Feragus*, of
 whom the most excellent of our Eng-
 lish * Poets thus sings :

*Martin Par-
 kers Heroick
 Poem, called
 Valentine &
 Orson, Dedi-
 cate to all
 the Nobles
 and Gentry
 of either Sex
 throughout
 this Nation.

———— *With a Sbirt of Mayle,*
A Helmet of strong Brass
upon his head,
A Sbield of the same Mettal,
which to sail,
Was not ordain'd,
a Sword two handfuls broad, instead
Of ponderous Club,
he bore a well-grown Oak,
Which threatned certain death
at every stroak,

This caused the two Knights to
 forbear one another, and turn their
 fury upon these Strangers, what Ho-
 mericall or Virgillian Pen can per-
 fectly

feetly paint the admirable deeds done by *Don Zara*, who (being invulnerable) had soon sent five hundred of *Duke-la-Fools* Knights to *Dis*; so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanfor*, and the Nobility of *No-land* (being awakened by the trampling of Horses, and the clashing of Armour) forsook their beds, and stood to behold the conflict on the Battlements of the Palace, imagining that *Mars* himself was descended from Heaven in the shape of a man; How did they praise his Prowesse? how magnifie his Magnanimity? By this time the Knights had taken the Alarm, and as one man came to their assistance; But O ye vindictive Powers, what a slaughter was then commenced! Here some lay spewing out their hearts blood, there others headless; here one without armes, there another without legs, invironed with a Lake of blood; nor did the fury of the Fight take any to mercy, save *Duke-la-Fool* himself, and 6 more, who being made captive, were carried to Prince *Paraclet* and *Emanfor*, who immediatly rewarded their treachery with the loss of their heads: Twelve

Duke La-
Fool behead-
ded.
of

of *Paraclets* Knights were slain in this bloody encounter; but *Zara* (covered over with blood and sweat, by a Messenger from the Princes) was singled out from the rest, and brought before Prince *Paraclet*, *Emanfor*, *Malkina*, and *Dowcabell*, who affording him the respects due to a Deity, attributed the Victory, together with their preservations (in so eminent hazard) meerly to his Valour, enquiring his name and Countrey, to the first he yielded a ready responfion, but to the other he answered in very obscure terms; the Princes and all there admire the mans valour, but more his modesty, imagining him a Saint as well as a Souldier, for what Syntax is there betwixt a Helmet and a Cap of Maintenance; the Princess *Maulkina* gave him many amorous glances, and no doubt had fixed her affection on him, had she not doubted his acceptation, being deceived with the colour of his countenance; indeed a warlike Ammunition face, yea so preter-naturall, that it seemed rather a Vizzard then a face, but his mind more smooth then polished Pewter, and softer then the Ravens

Ravens feather, as may appear by his being surprized (even now in the height of his anger, when his illustrious soul moved in the very Apogzum of death and vengeance, so much was he incensed against the Knight of the Pudding) with one of the Princess Waiters, named *Madona-del-Simplicia*, a creature of a most excellent form :

*Her gallant grey eyes,
Like Stars in the skies,
Denoted the whiteness of her two thighs.*

Her face Rivalling the fairest of the Fatall Sisters; this is the Goddess to whom our Champion offers his vows, to this fair Idea he paid his zealous Orisons, calling her the Throne of Pleasure, and the very Promontory of perfection, yet (such a lustfulness was he born withal) could not our Champion (though he earnestly endeavoured it) compell his sturdy tongue, to deliver of what his heart dictated, though his soul (which brought its own sacred fire with it) did (mentally) present her with a wounded Oblation, burning on her
N brick

brick Altar, offered up with as reall a devotion as ever *Cupid* elevated any; but his love was very ill placed, for *Simplicia*, though fair of face, had a heart more rough then the Posteriors of a Bear, nor did she so much as return one smile to the Champion, who for a long time had earnestly gazed upon her, a thing that Prince *Paraclet* and all there took special notice of, but were more stricken with wonder, when they beheld the Champion (without so much as taking his leave) fling away, and mount himself with as much haste, as he had even then bin Petitioned by some pensive Lady, for the enfranchisement of her captivated Lord held in durance by some horrible Gyant.

* The Author is in a pittifull plight for his good Champion.

* O *Zara, Zara*, these memorable Loves mentioned in those Authentick Histories of *Parisinus*, *The Knight of the Sun*, or the Ingenuous *Don Quixot-de-la-Mancha*, upon the barren Mountains of *Moxenna*, bewailing the disdain of the Lady *Dulcinea-del-Toboso*, are but Leaden Legends, comparred with thy more solid sufferance, in whose brest the little God seems solely

ly to have seated himself, as in some Magnificent Metropolis; where he keeps his Court and gives Laws to the Nations of the earth.

But while the Princes and the rest were diversly censuring this Act of *Zara's*, he (with an Arrow in his bosom) had gained his lodgings, Love that in others causes affability, has in him a clean contrary operation, * as the language of his face sufficiently demonstrated, looking so furiously that none durst speak to him, his Secretary *Soto* excepted, who took the privilege to talk to him, and demand the cause of this so sudden change.

* See Dr. Bulwer's language of the feet. Tome 9.

Ah *Soto*, *Soto*, said the Champion, he whom neither Duke *La-Fool* nor his thousand Knights, whom the Knight of the Pudding *Don Pantalone*, nor all the Champions, Gyants, Monsters, Satyrs, Devils, and Dragons can vanquish, is now overcome with the looks of a weak, and (for ought I know) wanton woman, her face is continually in my fancy, and I must enjoy her, or cease to be mortal.

Sir, said *Soto*, this is no such

digie as you would insinuate; your
 Predecessour the great *Hercules*, after
 all his Victories and Conquests, be-
 came a slave to his own Godpiece, and
 (by *Omphale's* appointment) spun
 Shooe-makers thread, which employ-
 ment he plyed to purpose all the day,
 not wishing any Sallary but to un-
 ravell at night: Was not the good
 Sir *Guy* flouted by *Philida* into a bon-
 dage, cost him much blood and sweat
 ere he could wriggle himself into her
 imbraces? *Jove* himself has been a
 Bull ere now, meerly to back *Io* the
 white-faced Cow? If then the grea-
 test of Gods, and the most eminent
 among men, have been Vassals to *Ve-
nus*, and captives to *Cupid*; it had
 been strange if you (my Lord) who
 are a God, a Heroe, and what not,
 should not (at least) taste what they
 fed on almost to a surfeit, nor need
 you dispair of a prosperous success,
 for what woman (though Mistress of
 more beauty then Loves Queen, or
 dignifi'd with more sovereign com-
 mand then *Semiramis*) would not
 meet your motion half way, and bless
 that Fate that furnished her with such
 Mag-

Magnetick! perfections, to attenuate the love of so brave a man. Thou art excellent, quoth *Zara*, at verification, pen me presently a Copy of Verses, such as may gain thy self a never-fading Fame, and me the fruition of her who is my Fate, upon whose smiles or frowns my Destiny depends.

* My Lord, quoth *Soto*, I have onely sipp't of *Helicon*, and taken a nap or two upon *Parnassus*, but as I can, I will; so having taken off a bowl of *Mereotick* Wine, he took Pen in hand, and wrote these numbers.

* *Soto's* ex-
tream mo-
desty, who
though a
most excel-
lent Poet,
will not
vaunt him-
self of his
own abili-
ties.

Fair Nymph, whose beauties all admire,
Whose face does set the World on fire;
Within whose brow (above the beak)
The Graces play at Bayly-break,
Whose every curl a Cupid hides,
And many a sightlesse God besides:
Let not, O let not thy dire scorn,
Make me wish th' hadst nere been born,
Or being born (since I am shotten)
Ere this thou hadst been dead and rotten
I am no vulgar Suppliant (Sweet)
No Parish-child found in the street;
My name is *Zara*, who of late
Encountering *La-Fool*, broke his pate,

*And sent his Errant Knights (poor men-a)
 Unto the bottom of Gehenna;
 Thou mayst be proud of this my proffer,
 For 'tis my first and onely offer;
 The Love I prostrate unto thee,
 The mightiest Queens have beg'd of me;
 Marthesia was once my Mistress,
 With Antiopa, and Thalestris,
 Women that did great fame deserve
 For handling Sword as well as Nerve:
 O let not then thy coynesse plunder
 His life, whom nought can kill but thunder.*

Your Beauties Vassale,

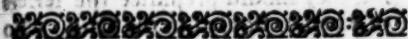
DON ZARA DEL FOGO.

These deathless Verses having had
 Zara's approbation, were seal'd up in
 the form of an Epistle, and thus su-
 perscribed:

*For the most Magretick, Illustrious,
 and divine Lady, the Lady
 Madona del Simplicia.*

Soto himself was the Messenger, be-
 ing hastned by Zara to a speedy de-
 parture.

CHAP,



CHAP. V.

Soto comes to Court and delivers his Masters Letter to the Lady Madona del Simplicia. Her scornfull Reply. The Champion (being transported with passion) strikes Soto on the face. Soto turns upon his Master: A cruell Combat betwixt them. Zara meeting with Don Pantalone there happens a bloody and dreadfull Fight. Soto's death and revivall.

IT was now about the hour when every maw expected its meal, when Soto came to the Palace where he found the Lady Madona-del-Simplicia with the Princesses Mantkina and Dowcabel at dinner, and was forced (to his great grief) to wait in the Lobby till the time of exercising the teeth was over; the custome of the *No-lan-ders*, being quite different from that of other Nations, they never inviting any stranger to eat or drink, out of a conceit (it seems) that by their so do-

* As his
Life-guard.

ing they should prejudice the sellers of Roast or Boyled in the City, who paid great Taxes to the Prince, and were ever the first who * waited upon him to the Warres at their owne Charges; so that Soto having attended long with much impatience, was admitted to the presence of the Lady *Simplicia*, to whom (after many mannerly cringes) he presented his Masters Letter; the Lady, though she courteously received it, did not seem the least taken with the tenour, but having afforded a slight perusall, she * put it (not as SOTO expected in her bosome) in her pocket, returning the Champion this Answer:

* But though the Lady seemed to slight his Verses in publike, she often made use of them in a Privie place.

That she did wonder a man of a strange Countrey, who for ought she knew was no more then a pretender to Arms, should be possessed with so bold a confidence to court her by Letter, whom he had never so much as spoken to; she willed him to forbear for the future any more to sollicite her by Letter, lest he involved himself in a Labyrinth, out of which he could not escape, but with the forfeiture of

of his life, adding that if it were he (as he believed it was) who departed from the Presence in the morning, in so mad, or rather Clownish a manner, she could not think him fit for any Society, save those of the Black-Guard, being either not well in his wits, or a Coridonical Coxcombe.

Having said this, she flung away, her Gesture expressing the highest disdain, leaving SOTO in as much amazement as Ulysses his followers, when they felt themselves gradually giving up their manly shapes for that of Swine. What should poor SOTO do? to return to his Master with this nipping Answer, were to endanger his skin, and for to stay in this Inhospitable place were to starve his stomach; for a long time he stood like a man Soul-lesse; but at last his hunger overcame the thought of danger, and hee set forward towards his Masters Lodgings, who guessed the very event of the businesse by his face, but wisely disguising his fear, he

he cheerfully demanded what Answer the Lady had sent him. My Lord, said *Soto*, such an one as neither befits me to relate, nor you to hear. suffice it, she is a proud, disdainfull, contumacious woman, and is as likely to be won by your endeavours, as it is probable for me to make *Minerva* my Minion: This rather increased then mitigated the Champions inquiry, who commanded him, as he would avoid his wrath, to declare the whole carriage of the business. Since you will have it so, said *Soto*, know that she not only condemned your confidence for daring to importune her, but bespattered you with the odious epithets of Clown and Coxcomb. Death of my soules! said *Zara*, thou art alwayes (like the Raven) croaking my infortunity and disgrace, and I believe a cherisher rather then a confronter of those that calumniate me, in saying this. (being transported with choller) he gave *Soto* so grievous a blow on the face, that it made him *rotter thirty paces from him, the blood gushing out of his

* The Champions
 being
 puffed
 with
 enough

his

his nose very violently; so that Soto, who (as it seems) had never before seen any such sanguinary flux, imagined himself wounded mortally, beyond all hope of escape, the grief whereof so exasperated him, that it gave him (as it were) a new soul, just when he lookt for no less then a separation of soul and body, and (O villainy!) he resolved to take vengeance on his Master as his Murtherer, and accordingly (with the highest courage) came up to the teeth of Zara, striking him twice or thrice on the thaps, in a most butcherly manner; it was long ere the Champion (so great was his astonishment at this impudence of Soto) could believe both what he saw and felt, but having pregnant proof that Soto was indeed in earnest, and of a Secretary and an assistant was become a Serpent and an assassin, he redoubled his blowes with inexpressible indignation, which Soto not onely received, but retorted with almost equall force, so that the Combat grew both dangerous and dreadfull, and it was hard to determine

* The outrageous Conflict between Don Zara and his servant Soto.

mine which of they two should first purchase the Palm of Victory, for Soto (firmly conceiving that his latest hour was come) had sworn to his own soul to take his Master with him to *Tartarus*; this cruel contest continued for half an hour, till the Champion (as scorning to struggle any longer with his slave) closing with Soto, * compelled him to the earth; and now having this Typhon down, good reason that he overwhelm him with a mountain, therefore he loaded his brest with the weight of his bulk, ever and anon affording him a cuff or two, which Soto not knowing how to retalliate but with his teeth, at one snap snatcht away the tip of the Champions nose, which (with a Sardinian smile) he forced in his face, who now was skrew'd up to the highest key of anger, and therefore drawing his knife, he cruelly cut off both the ears of Soto, attempting (O Scythian ferity) to cram the new-cropt dowcets down his throat; by this one act of Barbarity he for ever disabled Soto, who now concluded himself as dead as a pickled Herring, and accordingly pos-
stured

* Being acquainted (it seems) with that sleight of heel which Wrestlers call the Cornish Hug.

lured himself as one fit for Funeall;
which caused the Champion (who e-
ver abominated to insult over a de-
fected, or dead Foe) to forbear the
further prosecution of his rage, and
imagining he had most certainly stain
his servant and Secretary, he presen-
tly harnessed himself, and mounting
his strong Steed (as if haunted with
Furies, like *Orestes* or *Orlando*) he put
spurs to his Palfray (all bedewed as
he was with *Soto's* blood) with a re-
solve to find out *Don Pantalone*, the
Knight of the PUDDING and in one
day to rid the world of two of his
terriblest Enemies; his eyes had
scarce lost the sight of his Lodgings,
where he beheld *Pantalone* riding to-
wards him in shining Armour, his
Sword drawn in his hand. *Zara* was
something abashed to meet him so
par, yet scorning to have his Man of
War sunk by a Sculler, he also drew
his blade, and coming within six
yards of him, said,

Art thou thit unmanner'd and de-
generate Knight, that but yesterday
didst send me a defiance by the Knight
of the *Jackanapes*, challenging this
Steed,

Steed, Arms, Shield, and Sword, as thine, and threatening to cudgell and kick me, in case I delivered them not up into thy custody, as the true owner.

Yes, said *Pantalone*, I am that very man, and will justifie that challenge, proving with my life, that thou art an Errant Thief, and no Knight Errant, the shame of Knighthood and the stain of honour.

In saying this he gave his Steed a prick with his spur, who (as *Pantalone* had educated him) took a leap, which conveyed his Rider so neer our Champion, that striking him on the mouth with his hand and Gauntlet, he dislocated no less then four of his formost teeth, what can we fancy how much our Champion was exasperated with this trecherous indignity, therefore spitting his uselesse Grinders in *Pantalones* face (with such fury, that he had almost unhorsed him)* he gave the Knight of the Pudding so manly a blow on his Helmet, that he had cloven him to the waste, had not his Cap of steel been created by the Chalybes, and dipped in the River of

Bilboa;

* The dreadful Combat between Don Zara & Don *Pantalone*.

Nibbo; *Pantalone* (who had never before felt such force) fate upon his horse back with a shivering amazement, but at length recollecting himself, he seemed to make ample amends for his late stupidity, by giving *Zara* a wide wound on his right arm, which could not have hapned had our Champions Belt been girt about him, by vertue whereof he defied the dint of Sword, but (by the appointment of some malevolent power) that miraculous Girdle (being broken in the midst by the vigorous motion of his body while he encountred with *Duke La-Fool* and his 10000. Knights) fell from his waste the day before, so that now (like the slack-finew'd Hebrew Giant, with his hair off) he was no more then a very Mortall, and yet the greatness of his spirit for a long time supplied that insupportable loss, and he received wound upon wound with incredible patience; Nor was the Knight of the *Padding* wholly exempted from danger (for to a Knight on horse-back, as is storied of the Centaurs; he that wounds the beast gashes the man) his Courser being wounded in

in the neck, and having a considerable cut over the nostril, so that *Pantalone* was every minute in fear that his Steed should swown under him, and lye down with loss of blood; in the mean time *Zara's* wounds were multiplied, yet his heart not mollified, resolving rather to dye courageously, then to make a cowardly Renegation of his Horse, Armour, Shield and Sword, and which was more then all, his person; besides he had sufficiently tired himself (one would think) in the late Battail against *Duke la-Fool* and his confederates, add to this his dismal Ingagement with *Soto*, and therefore ought to have been excused from Warlike imployment (at least) for some months. What could *Themistocles*, *Cleomenes*, *Hannibal*, *Alexander*, or the mighty *Montelyon*, Knight of the Oracle have done more; the excessive loss of blood so enfeebled him, that he is scarce able to brandish his blade, or to keep the Saddle, unless he grasp the pummell; which *Pantalone* perceiving (like a good and gracious Knight) exhorted him to yield himself, and with the price of his

his Sword, Steed, Armour and Shield,
to purchase a delivery from eminent
death; I will, quoth *Pantalone*, not
only spare thy life, but be thy con-
duct to thy Lodging, thy wounds
shall be sowed up by skilfull Chyrur-
gions, and thy body brought to a
warm bed; Our Champion is now
more * vanquished by convec-
tion by strength; being so much taken
with this kind proffer of *Pantalone*,
that alighting (though with much a-
do, by reason of his faintness) He took
his Horse by the bridle, and humb-
ling himself at *Pantalones* feet:

* Zara's re-
markable
placability.

To here; quoth he, what not all the steel
of *Toledo*, nor * *Bryareus*, though each
hand of his had managed a Sword could
have compassed, is effected by thy peerless
candour, receive this Shield, this good
Sword, these Arms, and this sturdy Steed
a my gift (my worth will command more
where ever Destiny shall drive me.)

* A German
Perceer ha-
ving a hun-
dred hands.

The Knight of the Pudding (with a
smile) received what our Champion
so willingly surrendered, and seating
himself on *Founder-foot*, afforded *Zara*
being at his back, leading his owne
horse

horse in his hand (a thing that admitted some cause of distast to our Champion, but having taken a Truce with his Enemy, he would not be the first should break it) riding on till he came to *Don Zara's* Lodgings, the people gazing upon him all the way very wistly, and whispering vituperatively, which our Champion heard well enough, but discreetly took no notice, being now become the very Emblem of the Golden Age, when a Pidgeon shal converse with Vultures, nor was *Pantalone* perfidious, but (in order to his promise) very courteously caused a skilfull Chyronist to be called, himself beholding those wounds which his hands had lately given carefully closed up, and the bruised Champion laid in his bed, of whom having taken leave, he returned (with his Horse, Armour, Shield, and Sword) to the Knight of the *Ap*, and his other Companions.

It were needlesse to narrate what flouting, and what flouting there was amongst the bundle of Knights about this business of *Don Zara*, every man

censuring as his fancy guided. The course of the History commands us to leave them to the guidance of their Fate, and return to Soto (earless Soto) whom we lately left dead on the floor all be-mangled by his Master; long time it was (though he felt the palpitations of his heart and pulse, and that he was as warm as a new-beaten Bailiff) before Soto could be convinced of his Heresie, or believe himself to be alive, * first he moved an arm, then a leg, and at last took such heart of grace, that he courageously leapt up on his feet, but the sight of his new-lost ears had almost laid him along again; nevertheless (with trembling) he at length took up his Legs, and having heedfully wrapt them up in paper, put them in his pocket, till time should furnish him with opportunity to afford them the Rites of Sepulture; being thus out of all doubt, that he was now as other Mortals, save for some maymes which he was resolved to keep from being taken by the help of his hair, he began to be somewhat comforted; but that

* Soto's Re-
surrection

very sort of sorrow which in others occasion droughe, causes in him hunger, a sharp appetite to meat; he therefore began to consider what was become of his Master *Don Zaza Del Fogo*, and to curse himself for opposing him as an equal, whom he ought to have adored as a Sovereign; having therefore resolved to finde him out, (and if it were possible) to reconcile himself, he resorted to the Host of the house where his Master resided, and very demurely demanded whether *Don Zaza del Fogo* his Lord and Master were at home or abroad, in the Camp or the Court, answer was made, that he was just now conveyed to his bed (being much wounded) by a strange Knight, who seemed no other then he that had fought with him; So he therefore enquiring what manner of man he was, and what Arms he wore, knew assuredly, that it was the Knight of the Pudding, *Don Pantalano*; he therefore resolutely went up to his Masters Chamber, but found the door fast locked, for the Champion having had his wounds bound

bound up, and being laid in a soft bed, had betaken himself to rest; Soto knocked twice or thrice very soberly, but receiving no answer, he multiplied his strokes, so long till Zara being awakened, demanded who was there; Soto retorted, Your Servant and Secretary SOTO; at which the CHAMPION (imagining by this time he had been laid in Earth), became much amazed, and in a distracted tone cryed out:

I beseech thee, thou Spirit of wronged Soto, return to thy rest, and vex not him with thy clamours. who shall shortly visit thee in the other World.

Soto replied:

My Lord, we are both more happy then you conceit, I am alive, and Master of the same faculties of flesh that you are.

At this the Champion scrambled out of his bed, and opening the door, Soto supported him to his former station, where being laid he enquired of Soto how and by what meanes he escaped, who related to him every particular both of his death and Revivall: I shall the more cheerfully

* Zara takes Soto for a Ghost. See Felthams Resolves the third Century, pag. 100000.

welcome Death, said the Champion, that thou art alive; he then began to discourse what had hapned lately betwixt him and the Knight of the Pudding, and in the close of all commanded meat to be brought, and was confirmed that Soto was no Ghost by his eating; By this time it grew late, Cynthia being mounted in the highest of her five and twenty Mansions, the Champion therefore, having imbraced Soto, permitted him to depart, and slunk down into his bed the second time.

CHAP.



CHAP. VI.

The Champion recovered of his wounds, but inwardly vexed at Simplicia's scorn, is comforted and restored by Soto's excellent Oratory. He and Soto forsake their Lodging to avoid an after reckoning. Having left No-land, they arrive in a continent where the Champion finds the winged Hog, promised him by Lamia; He and Soto mounting their twisted Beast, are carryed through the Ayre, meeting with many strange Adventures.

Our Champlons exterior wounds are not so wide but they may easily admit of cure, were not his interiorly mortally vexed with the vigorous pangs of Love, the scorn of his Mistris *Simplicia* stuck Needles at his heart; his sick soule is surrounded with dolour, each thought is a thrust, and every cogitation a Carbonado.

* Zara's
dolefull
Complaint

* O Love, Love, said he, thou least of bulk, but greatest in strength of all the Powers immortall, what has Don Zara done unto thy Deity, that thou art so partiall in thy dispensations, emptying thy Quiver at his brest, and not ayiming so much as one Arrow at her whose heart is more hard then Scythian Ice, or the scales of Dragons; Did not Gylø wash my head with warm Urine, and *Simplicia* slight my Addresses as I had rather been a Lowt then a Lord, a Coxcomb then a Champion, and a Knave Rampant then a Knight Errant; were my strength equall to my will, I would break thy Bow and Bolts about thy eares, and write thy Elegie with a Quill pluckt from thy own wing.

With these and the like fascinatorous fancies, he wearied himself almost all that night, but Phœbus flinging about his Rayes to illuminate the world, *Soto* resorted unto him, using all possible perswasion to assuage his grief, but (alas) to no purpose, for the Fistula of Love had seized upon his very fundamentals, so that though he grew every day more and more healthy,

healthy, being now able to eat and drink devoutly, and traverse his Chamber as nimbly as a Berkshire Squirrell, yet within he was more sickly then a Subburb Letcher, or a drawl'd Prostitute, sitting her self for Fluxation, which *Soto* perceiving, thought it his duty to take him to task, and to endeavour to drive this Devill of *Paphos* out of him.

How now my Lord, said he, will you cast away that life which was given you to redeem others from death and destruction * for a Fil-gig, a flirt, a fickle, fantastick, fallacious, foolish Female? What do we get by these Gim-cracks? Satiation of our lusts: What is this fruition we so much covet, but a kind of fullsome Recreation, that flags our Crests, and makes us look worse then stale Drunkards, or losing Gamesters that have sat up all night to undo themselves? Be your self (my Lord) the Son of *Mars*, and not the slave of *Venus*; these whim-crown'd tumors un-man us all, and are at best but coveted calamities.

*The Author disclaims this Invektive as none of his, but *Soto's*.

This

This Satyricall Oration so much prevailed with the Champion, that he was now quite changed into another man; his heart which before was as soft as Curds, is now totally petrified, and more obdurate then steel or Hangmen, so that he who some minutes since was Loves creature, is now more then his Conquerour; tis true, he shed abundance of tears, sighing and sobbing, as was pittifull to see; but these showers were but the preludiums to Thunder-cracks. My Arms (quoth he) O my Arms, my Sword, Shield, and Mace, but above all my Belt, the sad vicissitudes of two dayes have laid a foundation of misery for many Ages, bitten by a Bear, baffled by *Gyla*, reproached by *Simplicia*, and denuded by *Don Pantalone*; what horror has Fortune yet to inflict? My Lord, said *Soto*, Fortune was ever a foe to noble minds, letting others pass as not worthy her notice; the tallest Trees and highest Towers are sometimes levell'd, when sheds and shrubs remain untoucht: Engineers are sometimes blown up with their own Mines,

Mines, when Mouf-trap-Makers dye
meerly with sickness or age; Dukes
and Marquesses fall by the Bullet or
the Ax; when Dunghill-Rakers and
Maulsters out-live themselves; Did
you ever know a Gnat perish of the
Pox, Goats and Monkeys destroy
themselves with Doing; that then
which you look upon as the Indigna-
tion of Heaven, is the Indulgency of
Jove, witness wise *Seneca*:

*Prosperity and happy Fortune finds
Out Tapsters, Tinkers, & untutor'd Hynds*

O who can sufficiently express the
force of Eloquence! Our Champion
is so charmed with *Soto's* Philosophi-
call Elocution, that he cares now no
more for a Sword, then an Ape for a
clog; or for a Shield, then a Slave
for a Bulls-pizzle; Armour is but a
kind of honourable luggage, the con-
fidence whereof causes Cowardice;
and for Charmed Belts, and for such
kind of Infernall securities, he said
that the Devils word and his Oath
were alike, and he was most safe that
had

had least to do with him; as concerning a Courser (he alleadging that it was both dangerous and despicable to travell on foot) *Soto* informed that the very High-wayes and Hedges, but especially Meads and Marish grounds would afford them a pair of Palfreys; Heightned with these Heroick Rudiments, the Champion and *Soto* (each grasping a staffe or Truncheon in his hand) resolved to forsake *No-Land*, as a Continent onely fertile in Fatalities, and to travell to the remotest parts of the Earth, but they would finde men more faithfull, and women more flexible; One morning therefore, while *Aurora* was combing her Crisped Curls, *Sol* being yet soundly sleeping in the Lap of *Thetis*, they thought it fit to convey themselves out of *Xardona-pola-Mancha* before their Host, or any of the household were stirring, the course of the Countrey carrying them through a Myric Lane, almost three furlongs in length, to their exceeding turmoyle, but by the help of their Staves they vaulted over many deep Sloughes

Shloughes and Boggs, which otherwise might have been very banefull unto them.

Having brought this Land to a period, they found themselves entered into a large, but very pleasant Wood, here were Trees of Rosemary, farre taller and bigger of bulk then any Brittish Elme, with Beds of Camomile six yards high, the Grasse no gowtier then that of other Climates; yet so incomparably stubborn, that the CHAMPION and SOTO passed over their tops without the least depressing of them, as on a Marble Pavement: In the midst of this Grove there ran a Rivulet, not so Chrystalline as they could have wished, in which were infinite numbers of Flying-Fishes, which sometime fought with one another in the Ayre with incredible fiercenesse, many being slain on both sides; but dropping into their native Element they are recovered again.

These Feuds were maintained by these Aquatillians, meerly to please the

the Genius of the place, called *Diction*, who sat (invironed with a Guard of Spectars) at the root of a Palme Tree, but his shape was so dreadfull, that neither the Champion nor *Soto* durst stand him, and therefore they departed towards the East side of the Grove, where the Champion espied that rare Beast which *Lamia* the Inchantresse had prophesied he should meet withall; this wondrous Creature had the shape of a Hogg, but farre bigger then an ordinary Horse, two wings expanding themselves on either side of him; his Saddle (very sumptuously imbossed with Gold) on his back, and his Bridle hanging loosely about his neck; he was feeding very voraciouly on the verdant Grasse, his teeth serving as a Sickle with which he mowed down all before him.

The CHAMPION was so overcome with joy to behold this Beast, that he remained for a time speechlesse, but at length recovering himselfe; See SOTO, said hee, where the winged Hogg (that gift
of

of the Gods) long since assigned me by *Lamia*, offers himself to my disposal: He had no sooner said this, but (like a courageous Knight) he made up to this plumed prodigie, who seemed to fawn on him like a Spaniell, and to be desirous of his service; The CHAMPION finding him so gentle, immediately put the bit into his mouth, and leaping into the Saddle, commanded SOTO to get up behind him, who was once in the mind rather to desert his Master; then hazzard his person in so eminent a danger; but at length (O man of desperation!) he forced himself to a compliance, and loaded the Crupper of this volatile Swine, who no sooner found himself burthened, but he quitted the Earth, and (like some flitting Fowle) made way with waving Wings, through the moyst Ayre, while the CHAMPION (like another Bellerophon) was carried over Land and Sea, to the infinite astonishment of all that beheld him, the people forsaking their houses, followed

lowed him in heaps, to feast their eyes with so unparallell'd an object; some thinking him to be *Hermes*, others some Magitian, such as *Agrippa* or *Faustus*; having thus travelled many hundred leagues, he gave his Hog a check, who gently saluted the Earth, the CHAMPION finding himself in the in-most parts of *Africa*, in one place he saw those kind of Devils called *Onoscelli*, with leggs like unto Asies, in another place * *Epibatæ* and *Hypibatæ*, those very things that in the shapes of men and women, allure the very Mortalls of both Sexes to Venerie, whence it comes to pass that we have many Hermaphroditicall Monsters amongst us even at this day, being (indeed) half men and half Devils, but whether by the fathers or the mothers side, is not materiall.

* Incubi and Seducibi, that leap upon men and women in their sleep; Some ignorant Physicians say that these are nothing else but a Disease.

No marvell if our Champion were not very well pleased with this place which afforded nothing for food, unless he would have fed upon the haunches of a Hyppocentaure, or feasted on the fore-quarter of a Fiend; he there-

therefore having seated *Soto* once more behind him, gave his winged Beast the Rein, who forsaking this duller Earth, cut a passage to the Clouds, travelling over the tops of Steeples and Towers, with admirable celerity.

Ah *Zara*, *Zara*, had thy rude Father moistned thy minority with the Elements of the Arts, till thou hadst grown tall and tough in Scientificall knowledge, what excellent Cosmographicall Volumes had the World been witness of? and thou (with *Julius Cæsar*) have been as famous for thy Goose Quill in after Ages, as thou art now eminent for thy wondrous Hogg, and Heroick Resolution to visit strange Countries, but it's bootless to bewail a helpless ill, and to weep over the Bier will not bring the dead man to life again: Proceed we therefore with the Narration of our Champions admirable Adventures, who (as did *Soto*) * grew more and more ponderous every minute, so that the Swine began to abate much of his

P

swift-

* The emptiness of the crew causes the heaviness of the carcass See *Marriots Madrigals*, and *Wood of Kents Aphorism*.

swiftneſſe, and to flye but with a feeble wing, which cauſed the Champion (though much againſt his will, for he had not yet peruſed a place pat for his purpoſe) to ſalute the Earth a ſecond time, but with the ſame fortune he found before; this was part of *Lybia*, but not ſo full of Serpents as in *Cato's* time, by reaſon that the River *Nylus* had broken that way, and made a fair riddance of theſe foule creatures; here they found men and women with heads like Dogs barking at one another moſt bitterly, and ſometimes howling in a moſt hideous manner, the comfortable Sun, nor the continent Moon never beautified theſe barren grounds, onely a certain Star appeared in the Eaſt part of the Horizon, which afforded a glimmering Lucency; the Champion and *Soto* were exceedingly perplexed to finde themſelves now amongſt Doggs, as lately among Diuels, inſomuch, that had they worn Swords, ten to one but they had ſlain themſelvs, but making a vertue of neceſſity (the Champion leading the winged Hog in his hand)

hand) they footed it with much swift-
ness till they came within ken of a
Castle, scituate upon a Rock, inviro-
ned with many pleasant Trees; how
joyous our Champion and Soto were
to behold this Mansion (in all proba-
bility) made for Mortalls to make
merry in, let those that have been sen-
sible of their sufferances relate.



Here



Jan 1st
Feb 1st
Mar 1st
Apr 1st
May 1st
Jun 1st
Jul 1st
Aug 1st
Sep 1st
Oct 1st
Nov 1st
Dec 1st

1871

1872

Here Time trips up the heels
of thy bright story,
Renowned Don, next at thy
Valours glory ;
Dragons may now
securely sleep, and ugly
Deformed Orks seem to look
smooth and smugly ;
Gyants may wield their Maces
and their Oakes,
And knock down Knightbood
with their strenuous stroaks :
Who now shall cure those Castles
that are haunted ?
Affording ayde to men
and Beasts Incanted ?
None, none, for Zara sleeps
(to gain new vigour)
And who shall dare to rowze
a snoring Tyger :
Let him that sings his Second Part
drink smartly,
Of Sack and Sulphure,
and then write most tartly.

FINIS.

1711

ERRATA.

Courteous Reader I desire thee to mend severall literall faults and points misplaced which doth sometime make the sence harsh, and turn over to Book 1. Chap. 3. at the second line, read, like Bandogs so tormented,
